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Poetry.

A DAKOTA WHEAT FIELD.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

IKE liquid gold the wheat field lies,
A marvel of yellow and russet green,
That ripples and runs, and floats and flies,
With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen,
Such as play in the golden hair of a girl,
A ripple of amber, a flare
Of light sweeping after, a curl
In the hollows like swirling feet
Of fairy waltzers, the colors run
To the Western sun
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

Broad as the fleckless soaring sky,
Mysterious, fair as the moon-led sea,
The vast plain flames on the dazzled eye
Under the fierce sun's alchemy.
The slow hawk stoops
To his prey in the deeps;
The sundower droops
To the lazy waves; the wind sleeps,
Then all in dazzling links and loops,
A riot of shadow and shine,
A glory of olive and amber and wine,
To the westering sun the colors run
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

Oh, glorious land! My Western land,
Outspread beneath the setting sun!
Once more amid your swells I stand,
And cross your sod lands dry and dun;
I hear the jocund calls of men
Who sweep amid the ripened grain
With swift, stern reapers, once again.

The evening splendor floods the plain,
The cricket's chime
Makes pauseless rhyme,
And toward the sun
The splendid colors romp and run
Before the wind's feet
In the wheat!

THE RUNAWAY.

This jolly little runaway,
With flying hair
And feet quite bare,
Slipped out one showery summer day,
While mamma thought asleep she lay.

A pretty bird sang merrily
Among the leaves
Below the eaves,
"Rain-drops fall thick, but can't touch me,
The brook is full, come out and see.

"My mate sits swinging in the tree,
Under her breast
A soft round nest
And hungry birdies, one, two, three,
Without a feather, come and see."

And then the bird sang saucily,
"Her shoes are gone,
Her dress is torn,
She's just as wet as she can be;
She ran away, come out and see."
—*Louis Hall in Babyland.*

Our Story Teller.

JIM, THE CONTRABAND.

A PICTURE OF OILDORADO.

BY STEPHEN W. BOLLES.

Written for THE BLADE.

COL. BILL had brought him into Pithole, fresh from the bloody fields of Virginia.

He was called "The Contraband" then, and though the war was over, the name stuck to the colored boy throughout all his career.

I saw him when the colonel first came down from Titusville, and though he said Jim was but seven years of age, the boy was a marvel for mischief, sauciness and pluck.

The men about the derricks did not agree with Col. Bill about Jim's age, but when the colonel entered into a long and apparently logical discussion of his method of telling the age of human beings by the teeth, he was, to say the least, unreasonable; and besides, the men who found fault because Jim was too older were apt to be prejudiced against the contraband, having suffered from the boy's scientific mischief.

But the men really liked the contraband, and the colonel was as kind and gentle to him as a father could have been. In return Jim gave Col. Bill all the devotion of a willing slave, and loved the old man as one to whom he owed his life.

The story of the colored boy was familiar to every man that loafed about the shanties or worked near the pine derricks.

It was in '68 when I first heard it, two years after Pithole had ceased to be a city and weeds and briers grew in the streets and lanes of the once famous metropolis of oildom.

Down in the deep woods bordering a small creek in Venango county, the colonel and myself were putting down a wildcat well, in high hopes of striking a new field and becoming millionaires, as others had done.

"Colonel," said Morris, a driller, one evening as we sat out in front of the shanty, "how did Jim get that scar without being killed?"

The driller pointed to the contraband's forehead. A deep hole was there in the skull, shaped exactly like the half of a mould for a minnie ball.

"I hev been asked," said Col. Bill in reply, "thet questing a dozen times ef I hev wonst. How a minnie ball cud er mashed sidewize inter the skull 'thout killin' the cub is mor'n most men kin understand. The contraband hez had the scar since I got him. In fact, thet's the way I kem ter hev him in my possession. Ef yer care to listen I'll tell yer an' my friend Morris about ther hole."

We insisted and the colonel knocked the ashes out of his pipe and, looking slowly around, said:

"There's some men ez says I never was in no army. They's a few men who've heerd me talk an' they've said ez how I want no colonel. They're puffectly welcome ter think so. I hain't much on eddycashun, but it goes, gentlemen, 'thout me tellin' it, that I was in the war—an' in deep.

"The horryfyin' details of this follerin' story are true ez though I hed a given my affidavy ter make 'em so. 'Twas the toughest fight I'd ben in sence Grant tuk us an' led us down ter ther Wilderness. We hed waded in blood before, but now we just swum.

"They hain't no use of wastin' words. She was jest ter simply awful, ter kreetly discribe, 'thout a dictionary. Ye cudn't hardly stir 'thout steppin' on a dead blue-coat. Down in the underbrush of the deep woods, where a sunbeam'd hev ter get drunk to stagger in, me an' my ridgament, er, all that was left of 'em, laid.

"We were waitin' ter ther rebs an' ev'ryfin' with excitement, expectin' 'em ter show up everytime. They were comin', slow an' stiddy, keepin' an eye peeled fer us skirmishers. We knowed a corps was back of us, but knowed we'd got ter die fust.

"Bom-bye lead began ter come rattlin' down an' some shells ter break up the monoterny. Two of ther boys got keerless, an' bullets took up permynent lodgin' places in ther craniums.

"Then she come off quiet ez death. They want a noise ter be heerd. Ther boys was jest ez dumb ez ther trees 'en stiller, blank me, then ther grave. Every man was a-breathin' low an' soft like, en every narve strung up ter high C en ready to bust into a tune on the going.

"Then was when, loud an' clear ez the whistle on Babbitt's mill, kem the dogondest sound not twenty feet away. Every man was up in a minnit. They knowed what it was. They hain't no animal ez made such a noise, 'en a white man don't do it regler fer fun.

"Right ahead of us, not twenty feet away, was a little darkey settin' straddle of a log an' laughin' an' a yah! yah! yahin'! till ther woods jist echoed an' sung the same yell, an' the contryband's eyes a-shinin' an' snappin', and he a lookin', blank me, jist ez happy ez if no bullet wuz in twenty miles.

"I reckon it want mor'n a jiffy afore the woods wus ez full of rebs ez these be of muskeeters, an' we clum right into 'em. When we riz, that boy, Jim, clum too; he got onter ther log an' yelled an' danced. I seen him all t'wonst throw up his arms an' drop.

"Thet night we camped jest a lettle ways from ther spot. I was sittin' on a log munchin' a piece of hard tack, when Doc. Smith kem ter me, leadin' a little kid with a rag on his head.

"'Hello!'" says I.

"'Found him in the brush,' said Doc.

"'He's mine,' says I.

"'Turnin' ter the contryband, I says, 'Where's yer home?'

"'Burnded, sah,' says he.

"'Where's yer ma?'

"'Der guns killed her.'

"'Der ye want ter be mine?'

"'Yes, sah!'

"'An' that's the way Jim kem ter be mine. The surgeon took a bullet out of his head an' ther scar, yer can see. He hez been with me sence, an' hollered at Appomattox 'long with the rest of the freed folks. I shan't never forgit the laff of ther boy, an' ain't never goin' ter part with him."

II.

The oil did not come when the drill struck the sand, and the colonel and I parted.

Two months after, as I sat in my office, a negro boy, who I at once recognized as Jim by the scar, handed me a letter and stood digging his toes into the rug by the desk.

MY DEAR BOY:—I am going to ask a favor of you. You know the negro boy Jim? He has been with me so long, but I am playing out in money and health so fast I cannot keep him. Nobody seems to want him around he is such a terror. Can't you do something with him? Put him to work about the engine or machinery. Use him kindly and he is your slave. He said he preferred you to anyone but myself. I shall try to repay you some way.

COL. WM. ROSE.

Col. Bill could not write. He had signed the letter with a mark, but I knew the words were his except for being translated into good English by some smart clerk.

I was thunderstruck. The idea of having such a boy about me was preposterous. I read Col. Bill's letter again, and found such an undercurrent of pathos in it, that I almost changed my mind at once. As secretary of the Maiden Rock Oil company I had no use for an office boy, but I concluded to try and get him a job with the foreman. I succeeded and Jim went to work about the engine.

The next day McGrath, the engineer, came into the office dragging Jim by the arm. The contraband was covered with oil and dirt.

"Tain't no use, boss. He's too much of an investigator," said McGrath.

"I was tryin' ter find what made her spirt so," sobbed Jim.

"An' ye did. First he unscrewed valves, letting the water out. If I had been a minute later the boiler'd been blown higher'n Gilderoy's kite. Then he went to the tank, No. 6, an' knocked out a plug, wastin' twenty barreis of oil."

The engineer was out of breath, and shook Jim to put in the time.

"Never mind, Mac. Leave him with me," I replied, and took Jim away from him.

The contraband was office boy after that, and proved himself, if kept busy, a boy of worth. Explanations to wrathful victims of his mischief were never required more than three times a day, which surprised some of the men who had formerly known him.

His mischief at last lost him to me. I had a number of letters on the desk ready for the office, except sealing, when I was called out, returning to find Jim with the bundle in his hand as if ready to go to the mail. He looked somewhat surprised.

"They are not sealed," said I.

"Yes sir, I licked 'em shut," he said, and dashed out.

I soon heard from the letters. The first answer came from a young lady whose acquaintance had been very pleasant to me. She returned the letter sent to her, and indignantly wrote, asking for an immediate apology for the insult. By the same mail came another from an old chum asking if I thought he ought to look over my correspondence with the tender sex, and begged to be released of the burden, as he had no time. By some terrible mistake, the letters had been changed.

The letter which had been returned by Miss Willard was addressed to no one, though I had intended it for my schoolfellow. It ran thus;

Allow me to congratulate you on the increase in your family. I never thought when I first knew you that I should ever have the pleasure of complimenting you on such an occasion. Am glad you are recovering from your rheumatism, and can throw your legs around as well as when I last saw you. You are not doing as well as you seem to be, but I am fathering a colored boy, who keeps my hands full, I tell you. Yours in love, TOM.

The whole affair dawned upon me at once. Calling Jim, I said, sternly:

"Did you change those letters you sent out Tuesday?"

"I—I—yes, I read 'em."

"Did you put them back just as they were?"

"I reckon I did, sah."

"No you didn't, you miserable rascal. Won't you never learn not to meddle?"

He eluded my grasp and fled out into the street. That night a little bundle was thrust under the door of the office where I found it in the morning. It was written by Jim.

DEER SUR—I did mene nothin' ner too do nothin' rong. I amm goin' to titisvil to nite.

YRWER BADD JIM.

III.

I heard of him many times after that as a stable boy in Oil City; as a driller in the Clarion field; as a bold scout and moonlighter in the Bradford and Butler regions, and lastly with Dan Thompson in McKean county, as a torpedoer.

Of all the places this suited Jim the best. Thompson's daughter, aged eighteen, taught the contraband to read and write more perfectly. She nearly reformed him, too, for the truth necessitates that it be told that Jim was feared by half the faro bankers in Oildorado. He suddenly ceased to play, and when asked the reason only shook his head.

I am sure he might have been living today if Jampson had staid away.

Jampson was an outgrowth of the oil regions.

He was a gentleman, a speculator, a gambler, a business man, though his quotation was not given in Bradstreet's, and a philanthropist. He had built the church at Eagle City and owned a saloon in the same block. He had superintended a Sunday school and presided over the stiffest game of poker on the same day. He had what might be called a record.

His name was always in the *Greasy Journal* and *Derrick* as being connected with some new movement for his fellow creatures—or for Jampson.

No one knew how many wives he had. No one cared, perhaps, except the women themselves. He fell in love very easily, Jampson did, and it usually ended in a quiet ceremony by a poor clergyman, or unlettered Justice of the Peace.

It had been remarked that a Nemisis in the form of an outraged and indignant Mrs. Jampson always followed him, but there seemed to be no truth in the statement, as he was never known to have been overtaken by her.

When Jampson stepped from the cars at Pipe City, he was met by several leading citizens, who knew him as the president of the Gusher Oil company, and gave him a royal welcome.

A prominent characteristic of Oildorado in those flush times, was liberality, and the Pipe City people being no exception, spent their money freely. So much so, indeed, that at 12 o'clock only Jampson and Thompson, of the Torpedo company, were sober.

With a singleness of impulse beautiful to see, they locked arms and went to Thompson's home. This incident sealed a friendship between the two men and Jampson, for a month, was the constant visitor at Thompson's residence.

There was one man who looked at the presence of Jampson with horror, more especially as he saw the man frequently in the company of Ellen, the beautiful daughter.

It was Jim. He questioned Thompson as to his knowledge of the oil man. His employer knew nothing of his past. The contraband said nothing further for a month.

"Hey, Jim, you'll sabe me some cake," said a fellow laborer one morning.

"What cake?"

"Why, de weddin' cake."

"What weddin' cake?"

"Gracious! Why, of Miss Ellen an' dat man Jampson."

Jim gasped for breath, and would have turned pale if he could.

The contraband dropped his work and went to the telegraph station. He wrote a dispatch very slowly. The operator read:

Mrs. A. Jampson, Petrolia, Pa.

Your husband here. Come at once. Answer if you come. JIM ROSE.

He said nothing to anyone that evening, but waited. The wedding was surely being prepared for and he aided with the various errands about the house, that, as he was not torpedoing, he could readily do.

"To-morrow evening at 7 o'clock," said Thompson, when Jim asked when it was to take place.

A messenger boy found the contraband in the morning, and delivered a dispatch from Mrs. Jampson, in which she said she could not be in Pipe City until Thursday.

That would be too late. The marriage took place on Wednesday evening.

What could he do to save the girl?

He went to her as she sat in the parlor.

"Miss Ellen, don't do it," he cried out chokingly. "Maybe it ain't any of my business, but Jampson is a married man. He's got lots of wives! Got 'em everywhere——"

Miss Ellen staggered to her feet and screamed loudly for help.

Her father, from the next room rushed in. He saw the negro standing by and his recoiling daughter. With one blow he struck Jim to the floor.

But he did not strike again. The contraband rose to his feet.

"Mister Thompson, you shall be sorry for this," he said, and left the room, but he had cast such a look at the father that no further words were spoken.

The contraband went out and sauntered down the street. He suddenly halted and clenched his fist.

"What am I good for anyway?"

The question seemed unanswerable, and he walked a little faster. Then he stopped again and muttered.

"I'll bet Jampson will be surprised. I haint no reason to, but I shall. Jampson is goin' out of Pipe City in pieces without gettin' married."

He sat down in a livery stable doorway. It seemed as if fate was kind to him, for he had hardly been seated before the Oildorado Outgrowth came in and wanted a horse and wagon to be driven to Oaktown and back before five that evening.

"No driver," said the man.

"Get one," replied Jampson. "Hey! you darkey. You'll do?" he said to Jim.

"Yes. Jest lemme git my coat."

There was a devilish gleam in his eye as he went away. He ran to the torpedo shed where the deadly nitro-glycerine was kept, and wrapped one can up in his coat. Carefully carrying it, he returned to the barn and put the bundle under the carriage seat.

They rode in silence for several miles, when they came to where the road ran along the steep mountain side with a high wall of rock above them and a precipice below. The road bed was on a very narrow ledge.

Here Jim halted the horse.

"Somethin' loose behind!" he said and got out to fix it.

But he only unrolled the can and placed it within reach.

"You are going to marry Ella Thompson," said the contraband, as they moved forward.

"I don't know as it's any of your business," was Jampson's reply.

"Oh! you don't know me do you, old man! Reckon you have forgotten when I busted your bank at Tidioute——"

"Jim!"

"Yes, sah. Whoa!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Make you promise not ter return to Pipe City to night."

"I shall not promise. Why, d—n you! Give me the lines!" Jampson struck the horse a fierce blow.

It was the cause of his death. The horse held back by Jim, leaped to one side from the blows, and over the wall of rock, horse, buggy and riders went.

The can of nitro-glycerine rolled out and struck the rock with Jampson upon it.

* * * * * * *

There was really no funeral. Mrs. Jampson of Petrolia, and Thompson with a gang of men went out to search for the remains, but found only a few scattered bits, except Jim's ghastly head, which had lodged in a tree.

Thompson buried it decently and put up a marble slab on which Ellen has had inscribed:

"Jim the Contraband.
He saved others, Himself he could not save."

Relations That May Become Strained.

Atlanta Constitution.

Two young ladies who are quite friends, and who are just now living under the same roof, have pets. One owns a fine Scotch terrier. The other owns a pet rat. Both rat and dog are full grown. Naturally the rat is afraid of the dog and the dog knows it. To keep the rat alive both ladies are constantly on the guard.

It is quite interesting and not a little amusing to see the ladies, each with her pet, in the same room. The rat owner with her rodent treasure in her lap will gather it to her bosom as the dog enters the room, at the same time crying:

"Oh, Ella, for the love of heaven put that miserable, ugly, cruel, wretched dog out of here."

"Oh, put that horrible, gnawing, poisonous rat in its cage or kill it," will be the answer.

The ladies are the warmest friends, but if that terrier ever kills that rat it'll be war to the knife—a war which only the death of the dog can end.

Buying Pins Became Expensive.

Mrs. Dashley—My love, I wish you would leave me a little pin-money this morning.

Mr. Dashley—Didn't I give you $50 pin-money last Monday?

Mrs. Dashley—Oh, well—that was last Monday.

Mr. Dashley—And $75 pin-money on Wednesday.

Mrs. Dashley—Yes; but——

Mr. Dashley—Well, I guess hereafter I'll buy your pins myself.—*America.*

Laws of Health.

New York Weekly.

Tramp—Thankee kindly, mum; I'd no hope of gettin' such a fine supper to-day, mum. May heaven bless ye!

Housekeeper—As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood.

"Yes, mum, but you know the old adage: 'After dinner rest awhile, after supper walk a mile.' I'll walk the mile first, mum."

Other People's Children.

Mr. Benedict—You'd better put the baby to bed if Mr. and Mrs. Sissy are coming in this evening.

Mrs. Benedict—Why, don't you remember how they admired it and how fond of it they used to be?

Mr. Benedict—Yes, but they hadn't any of their own then.

So the Doctors Say.

Prisoner (bitterly frank)—"John Johnson filted me for another woman, and I stabbed him in the heart."

Judge—"But the evidence says you stabbed him in the stomach."

Prisoner (tartly)—"Well, ain't the way to a man's heart through his stomach?"—*Lowell Citizen.*

Gaining Self-Control.

New York Weekly.

"Your husband looks like a man of great self-control," remarked Mrs. Gadd to Mrs. Gabb.

"Well, he hadn't much when I married him," replied Mrs. Gabb, "but," she added, with a cold steel look in her gray eye, "he is getting it."

The Regular Way.

Youth—Let me have a revolver that will shoot a bullet as big as your thumb.

Gun Dealer—Are you going out after Tascott?

Youth—No, I am going to propose to my girl to-night and I may have to do some shooting.

He Acted at Once.

Miss Seeke—Do you really belong to the Press club, Jack?

Mr. Hyde—Of course I do. Why?

Miss Seeke—Oh, nothing! I—I—that is, are you an active member?

Not Acquainted.

Master—Confound it, sir, d'ye think I'm a fool?

New Butler—Beggin' your pardon, sir, I ain't been here long enough to find out yet.

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

A Buffalo Man's Story of His Meeting With Gotham Bunco Sharps.

Buffalo Courier.

There is in this town an individual operating as an advertising agent, whose friends for short call him Bob. His other name isn't Smith, but to speak of him as Smith will serve just as well for this recital. He has traveled some. His eye teeth were cut a good while ago. When the New York crooks last week planned to gather in his boodle they barked up the wrong tree.

He thus tells the story—and he has hitherto maintained a good reputation for veracity:

"I was on lower Broadway one morning when a well-dressed man whom I didn't recognize addressed me very heartily to the effect: 'Why, hello Smith! How are you? How is advertising, and how're things in Buncolo?'

"For the life of me I couldn't place the fellow or remember his name when he mentioned his name, but the beguiling cuss knew so much of my affairs that I thought we must have been acquainted before. We talked as we walked, and presently he said he had to buy a ticket, and asked me to stroll with him to the office. We went into Broome street and entered what was to all appearances a railroad ticket office. There was the ticket case and all complete. My friend was talking with the man ostensibly in charge, when in came another personage, who affected a very free-and-easy manner.

"'I'm from the South,' he said. 'Come here with a load of cotton. I reckon I'd better be gittin' back. Say! Can I get a ticket to Mississippi, and one for a nigger, to travel separate?'

"'I guess we can fix you and the colored man,' said the ticket seller.

"'Colo'd man be d—d. He's a nigger. That's what we call 'em down our way. Say!' he continued, now addressing my self-introduced companion, 'here's the funniest thing I ever saw. A feller showed it to me, and I won a pot of money on it. I'm going to take it with me to Mississippi and show it to the folks.'

"The gentleman from the Sunny South here produced four cards, which he tossed on the desk. 'Bet you can't turn over the card with the base ball on it,' said he. 'I'wenty to one.'

"My friend laughingly laid down a dollar and turned up the right card.

"'Why, how did you do it so easy?' the other exclaimed, affecting great surprise. 'Here's your $20. You won it fair, and we Southern gen'l'men always pays when we lose. Now you try it, for the fun of the thing.'

"I drew out a dollar, and turned the right card, as was of course intended. The man from Mississippi made much show of astonishment. 'You can't do it again,' he declared.

"'Go him, go him heavy,' urged the friendly citizen at my side, in an emphatic whisper.

"Now I was dead onto the game, and as soon as it had been introduced was dead onto the capper. For answer, I suddenly picked up the four pasteboards, threw away the one with the base ball, and proceeded to manipulate those remaining in approved three-card monte fashion. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'this is the way we do the thing out where I came from. Do you want any of it?'

"You ought to have seen the stupefied look that came over them scamps. At last the Mississippi man exclaimed to the other. 'You d—— fool, you are a bigger sucker than the one you caught,' and seizing his cards he decamped forthwith.

"Presently my friend, the disheartened capper, moved to the door. So did I. As I passed him I mildly suggested:

"'I looks like rain!'

"'D—n!' he said savagely, and dusted."

PROVED AN ALIBI.

The Young Lady Loyally Stood by Her Young Man.

Preston Times.

A farmer had some wheat stolen a few nights since, and he was so sure that he knew who the thief was that he came into town and secured a warrant for a certain young man living near him. When the case came up for trial the defendant said he could prove an alibi. In order to do this he had brought in "his girl"—a buxom lass of twenty-two. She took the stand and swore that he sat up with her from 7 in the evening until broad daylight next morning.

"People can be very easily mistaken," observed the plaintiff's lawyer.

"I don't care—he was there," she replied.

"What did you talk about?"

"Love," she promptly answered.

"What time did the old folks go to bed?"

"I gave 'em the wink about 10."

"Sure he was there at midnight, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why are you sure?"

She blushed looked over to her lover, and laughed, and, getting a nod to go ahead, she said:

"Well, sir, just as the clock struck 12 the old man jumped out of bed an' stairs and hollered down, 'Sarah, yer nur wants some o' that catnip tea,' and we got such a start we broke the back of the rocking chair, and went over backward, keplunk!"

"Then the jury must understand that you were seated on Samuel's knee?"

"I object!" put in Samuel's lawyer, and his Honor remembered the days of his youth and sustained the objection.

He Dazzled the Crowd.

Argonaut.

Oliver Hampton Smith was elected senator from Indiana in 1836. When the election was over, Smith, who was a good lawyer, and had been in congress eight or ten years before, took a drove of hogs down to Cincinnati, going on foot all of the way. On the way he arrived at a tavern, covered with mud, unwashed and unshaven for many days. The crowd surrounded him, eager for news of the election. "Who's senator? Hendricks?" "No." "Noble?" "No." "Who, then?" "I am." There was a dead silence for a moment, and then one asked: "Who are you?" A stump speech delivered with all the mud still clinging to his face and clothes was necessary to convince them of his right to the title of senator in the congress of the United States.

Eye Troubles.

"Eye troubles cost a heap of money, Jacques."

"Yes, I should say they did. Last year my wife was struck in the eye with the tip of a coachman's whip, and it cost me $25 to pay the doctor's bill."

"That's nothing to my experience."

"?"

"Why, two weeks ago I was walking past a jeweler's shop on the boulevard with my wife, when a solitaire diamond in the window struck her eye, and it cost me $150 to pay the jeweler's bill!"

Settling the Bill Made a Difference.

Slowgo—Well, doctor, how did you find my wife? Is her condition serious?

Doctor—I am afraid I can do nothing for her.

Slowgo—Merciful heavens! Must I lose her?

Doctor—Excuse me. I was about to say I can do nothing for her until you settle my last bill.—*America.*

The Laying of the Corner-Stone.

Grand Master—"Deputy Grand Master, what is the jewel of your office?"

Deputy Grand Master (a merchant out for a good time, but unable to divest his mind wholly of business affairs)—"The t-t-type-writer girl."—*Puck.*

Great Improvement.

Bobby (at the table)—"Ma, chuck me a piece of bread."

Mother (shocked)—"Bobby, is that the way to ask for bread?"

Bobby (guiltily)—"Chuck me piece of bread, *please*."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Too Much of a Sign.

A shoemaker hung out a new sign, and then wondered what passers-by found so amusing. His sign ran as follows: "Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Walk in here."—*Pittsburg Post.*

A Hint Gently Put.

Bob Stayer—Have you heard the latest, Miss Chester?

Miss Chester—Yes, indeed; I just heard the library clock strike 12.—*Boston Beacon.*

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue, by D R Locke

D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER IX.

A TIDE TAKEN AT ITS FLOOD.

R. MASON, attorney, had a young man in his office, serving, as he himself had served in the double capacity of clerk and student, by name Gleason Samuel, or "Sam" Gleason, as he was familiarly known, was a wiry young man of twenty-two, who was completing his studies, and who expected, when he had them completed, which would be in a few months, to take a partnership with Mason on the usual terms accorded to young lawyers—*i. e.*, he would do all the hard work and receive therefor a fourth or a sixth of the fees. Up to the morning of which I write, he had been well enough contented with the outloook, and was not altogether displeased at his prospects, albeit he did not like Mr. Mason at all. He was not the sort of young man, however, to allow his likes or dislikes to interfere with his plans; for he would have made the partnership if he had hated Mason as the devil hates holy water, provided the said partnership promised to be advantageous to him.

What was the cause of his hatred? The old one, that has made more hatreds, broken up more friendships, caused more bloodshed, and played the devil more generally with human affairs, than all the other causes combined, religion not excepted—love. For when Sam Gleason was a boy, going to the same school with Mason, he loved Sarah Dunlap, and had the mortification of seeing himself ousted from the girl's good books by this scion of a most disreputable house. At the beginning she favored him; for whatever her likes in secret might have been, it would never have done for her to be seen with any one of the Mason family, and so Sam had the pleasure of escorting her to singing-schools, evening meetings, and such entertainments of a public character as happened in the neighborhood, and was her accepted escort.

But when Caleb Mason approached the years of manhood, sloughed off the Mason skin, and took a higher place in life than any one had supposed possible, Sarah by degrees dropped him and allied herself to Mason, as naturally as anything could be. He did not know that he had displaced Gleason, nor did Sarah. For she had never looked upon Gleason as anything more than a pleasant acquaintance. Nor did Mason imagine that there was anything serious in the attachment the young man had for the girl. But Gleason—who did love the girl, though he had never declared it—considered himself defrauded, and hated the defrauder with all his heart. The two ruling passions in Gleason's mind at the time were love for Sarah Dunlap, which was hopeless, and a desire to get on in the world, which was entirely possible.

One morning Simon Dunlap entered Mason's office with a large package of papers, and was ushered, as usual, into the back room. Sam Gleason was writing, as was his custom, near the door of this "private office." He could not avoid hearing the discussion, for the door was left ajar; and while he did not intend to play the eavesdropper, he heard enough to excite his curiosity.

"These notes and morigages, with the cash on deposit, and what I have here, foots up $33,500," said Farmer Dunlap.

"That is the amount that it figures up," was Mason's reply.

The old man sat a moment in deep thought. "I want you to take charge of it all, now," he said, finally. "There's a part of the claims that needs immediate attention, and the money ought to be invested at once, so that it will be earning something. I can't attend to it, for I ain't strong enough; and I'm going to make it all over to you. It will come to you and Sarah anyhow in a few months. I'll make the notes over to you, and you give me a receipt for them, so that in case anything happens to me, Sarah'll have something to show that it is hers; for I shouldn't want it—begging your pardon—to go to your heirs. Then you go on and manage it and let me out of the worry."

"I will accept the trust willingly, Mr. Dunlap, and will do the best I can with it. I earnestly hope, however, that your condition is not so bad as you fear, and that we will manage it together for many years."

"There ain't no hope of my getting any better—I shall never get strong again," said the old man, wearily. "Write me a receipt, and take the trouble on your own shoulders."

Sam Gleason was all ears. There was a moment of absolute silence, except the sound made by the traveling of a pen over paper.

"There, Mr. Dunlap, is a receipt. I will do the best I can with this property."

Mr. Dunlap rose, and Gleason, through the crack of the door, saw him put a folded paper in his pocket. A few minutes after he walked out, and, getting into the wagon, rode home. Mason came out and sat down to his work with his face as pale as sheet. He had had the glimmering of an idea.

So had Mr. Gleason. What Mason's idea was, will appear. Sam Gleason's found vent in a few words which he spoke to himself: "The old man is breaking up, and he has put all his loose property into Mason's hands to manage—for which Mason has given him a receipt. It will pay to remember this, or I don't know Cale Mason." And, taking out a memorandum book, he made an entry very carefully.

Three weeks afterward there came to Mason's office a tow-headed boy, riding a bare-backed horse as though life and death depended upon its speed. The horse was covered with foam, and the rider bespattered with mud, showing how rapid had been the pace.

"Mason! Mason!" yelled the urchin at the top of his voice, as he drew rein in front of the office.

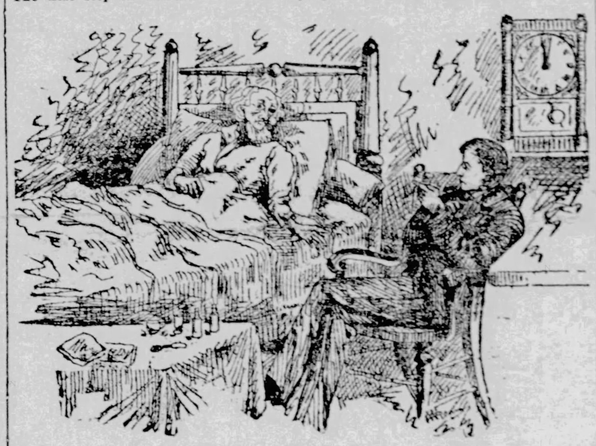
"What is it?" answered Caleb, coming to the door, and recognizing the lad as one of Dunlap's farm hands.

"Come as quick as you can to the farm! The old man's bin gone and struck with a fit, and the doctor don't know as he'll ever live through it. Come as quick as you can—I've got to go for another doctor!" and the boy, urging the horse into a gallop, rode away as if for life. Caleb did not delay a moment, but mounting a horse, rode with scarcely less speed toward the farm.

It was what had long been feared. The old man had seen 70 years of hard toil, and apoplexy had marked him. He had been struck down that morning, and it was doubtful, so Dr. Rawson said, if he ever rallied again.

But he did rally, however. His tremendous constitution got the better of the stroke, and in a day or two he was on his feet again. But Dr. Rawson warned him—and as he pronounced the words Mason's eyes glistened in spite of himself—that he probably would have another stroke in a few weeks, and that it would doubtless be fatal. He urged him to set his house in order, and to make preparations full and final for his taking off.

Simon Dunlap believed all that Dr. Rawson had told him concerning the likelihood of his immediate death, probably because the vast majority of those the doctor had attended had died in about three weeks, and he proceeded to set his house in order. The first step in this direction was the



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making of his will, and thir determination he announced to Mason at which the young man's face fell. But when Dunlap remarked that, as he would probably marry Sarah as soon as would be decent after his funeral, he intended to make him the sole executor of the estate; that all the personal property would be turned over to him at once to handle as he thought best, and that bonds should not be required, Mr. Mason's face cleared again. If the old man should make such a will, it was equivalent to giving him the entire estate, or at least enough of it for his purpose. The land was the least part of his wealth, and that he would have full use of. There was a very large amount of money at interest, for which he had already given his receipt; and almost as much more in personal property of other descriptions, the control of which alone was enough to give him all that he could advantageously use.

The will was made precisely in those terms. Caleb Mason was made the sole trustee and custodian of the entire estate, without bonds or accountability. At the decease of the old man, all the notes, bonds, mortgages, ready money, stock—everything, in short—were to be turned over to Caleb Mason in trust for his daughter, and he alone was to have the management and custody of it for her.

The old man signed the will, and pushed it away from him as though a load was off his mind.

"There, Caleb, I have done my duty by my girl and you—the only two beings on earth that I love. I have trusted you implicitly. I have not bound you to anything, for I know you love her better than I do, and that you are true and honest. You are my son, just as much as though you had been born to me, and I have trusted you the same." And the old man sank back in his chair, while Caleb, seizing his hands, poured out his thanks and protestations.

Ten days thereafter Caleb Mason was sent for again, for the old man had been again stricken down with another disease, which Dr. Rawson feared was more than apoplexy.

He went at once, for it was his rule to neglect nothing about the Dunlap family. It was night when he got there. Dr. Rawson had been alarmed to the degree that he called counsel. Dr. Blanchard had been with him since 4 in the afternoon, and long and anxious had been the consultations and examinations. Sarah had been requested to go to her own room, for the physicians did not care, in so grave a matter, to have the sympathetic distresses of a daughter to affect the patient, whose very life was hanging in the balance.

There were in the room these four—the sick man, Dr. Rawson, Dr. Blanchard and Mason.

It was a singular, an awful scene. Dr. Rawson, on whose pale, spare face anxiety sat enthroned, determined to wrest his old friend from the grasp of death, if the skill acquired by forty years of constant combat could do it. Behind him was the younger physician, Dr. Blanchard, with more of confidence in his face—confident as all young men are in freshly acquired knowledge—knowledge so freshly acquired that experience has not yet demonstrated its valuelessness—equally anxious, though showing it less. At the foot of the bed stood Mason, with an anxious expression on his face—though from what it proceeded only he and his God could tell. And on the bed lay the subject of all this anxiety, gasping for breath, holding to life with a feeble effort, and looking into the faces of those about him, as a drowning man, spent with struggles, might be supposed to look into the faces of those whose hands were outstretched to save him.

Dr. Rawson was the first to speak.

"It is not so bad as I feared," he said. "We can save him yet, if care and caution supplement our efforts. I know this now."

And the doctor took out his medicine case, and watched Dr. Blanchard, to whom he handed it to prepare the medicines, as the latter proceeded to pour from one vial to another, till he had two filled. He gave the patient a dose from one.

"Who stays with him to-night?" Dr. Rawson asked.

"I, who else?" replied Mason.

"Very well. I couldn't ask a better or more careful nurse. Now, listen, Dr. Blanchard has given him a dose from this vial. It is now 10 o'clock. At 12 a gentle perspiration will show itself on his face and body."

The sick man's face lighted up. He heard and understood every word.

"Then the moment that perspiration appears, give him twenty drops out of the other, repeating every twenty minutes till 1. Then twenty drops of the first, and wait an hour, and if the perspiration appears, repeat with No. 2, as before. Do you comprehend?"

Mason repeated the instructions.

"Right!" said the doctor. "Now be very careful and prompt. If you are, we shall carry him through once more, sure."

And pressing the old man's hand, which was answered by a look, the two doctors left the room

Great scoundrels are not made at once, nor are great scoundrelly actions struck at one blow, as are coins. Scoundrelism results from accretions. A suggestion of what might be is lodged in the mind, and around it gathers particles of wickedness, till the "what might be" gradually takes shape, and grows into "what shall be." Macbeth was several days cogitating the murder of Duncan. Mrs. Macbeth was quicker in her devilishness, as women always are. That is because they do not reason. They jump into the center of wickedness, knowing it to be so, while men, who are coming to the same thing, try to deceive themselves into the belief that they are doing right.

Caleb Mason had an idea shot into his mind while Dr. Rawson was giving him his instructions. The old man had placed his property in his hands when he expected to die. On the handling of that property depended his future, for it gave him the means of wealth—it was the weapon with which he was to fight his fate.

Suppose, instead of dying, the old man should recover? He would resume possession of his money, and he would be hampered. By marrying Sarah he would, of course, be helped by the old man, but was it best for him to marry Sarah? Helen Harvey! She would be more useful to him in other respects, but she had no money. With Dunlap safely entombed, he had the money, and then—

Why not marry Helen Harvey, and out of the influence of her father and brothers, and Dunlap's money, build the pyramid on which he hoped to seat himself?

He went to the bedside and put his hand on the old man's face. It was nearly 12 o'clock, and the moisture was beginning to show. The old man looked up with a grateful look. Fortunately for him Mason's face was averted.

The clock struck 12. The face showed that the medicine had done its work. The old man looked eagerly at the stand on which stood vial No. 2, and made an inarticulate sound. He knew that his life depended upon having it.

Mason had formed his resolution; and, having formed it, he faced it. He might have left the room. But he was too brave a man to shrink from his own acts.

Suppose he should recover in spite of what he determined to do? Very well—to accomplish great purposes one must take great chances. And he turned and looked the horrified old man squarely in the face, his cold grey eye growing colder, glittering with a ferocity that threatened death

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from active rather than passive interference.

The old man looked into those eyes, and in them read his doom. With one convulsive effort—the last concentration of departing strength—he raised himself into a sitting posture, and stretched out his hands imploringly toward Mason.

It was a terrible sight. His face, pinched and emaciated, with the seal of death set unmistakably thereon, his long white hair floating down to his shoulders, and an expression of horror and entreaty—it would have moved a heart of stone.

But that look of entreaty met no response. Caleb Mason stood there with his nostrils distended, his cold eye glistening, as handsome and as immovable as the demon that filled him.

The old man gave one convulsive start; he leaned heavily toward the stand as though to get the medicine himself, and fell back—dead!

Mason sprang forward and put his ear to

Recent Literature.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, publish in two volumes a historical work of great interest by Theodore Roosevelt, the author of several popular works of a historical and biographical character. It is entitled "The Winning of the West," and the author states in his preface that much of the material upon which the work is based is to be found in the archives of the American government, which date back to 1774, when the first Continental Congress assembled. In these volumes are to be found memoranda of private individuals, besides many of the public papers of the various colonial and state governments, as well as of the confederation. A large mass of public papers, covering the period from 1775 to 1789, have never been examined, unless in the most cursory manner. The author has also had access to many letters and papers in private families, so that his work contains much valuable and reliable information as to the early history of the West and the way it passed into our hands. It is printed in clear type, upon good paper, and well bound.

"The Land of the Montezumas," by Cora Hayward Crawford, is published by John B. Alden, New York. A party of travelers have reached Denver upon their way to the ancient realm of the Montezumas. The opening chapter of the book is devoted to Denver and surroundings, and the wonderful scenery to be seen through Colorado. Then the party pass over the border into Mexico, and the remainder of the volume is given to that country, its present condition, its industries etc., and to its past history. It is written pleasantly, though there is nothing especially new in its pages, the same ground having been gone over exhaustively by other recent writers.

"Rebekah: A Tale of Three Cities," by N. P. Jones, is, as its name denotes, a Jewish story of the times of Nero, the scene being laid in Rome, and the second chapter introducing Paul, the Apostle, who has just been released from bonds to await his trial for certain accusations brought against him. The burning of the city forms a very striking and important part of the story. It is interesting because it presents a vivid picture of some of the events that are important in history.

From the same publisher come "A Cloverdale Skeleton," by C. Lanson Hooper. The scene is laid in one of those places that are neither villages nor cities. The skeleton is very well presented, but we will leave the reader to find out for himself what it was.

The great trouble with "Francatelli's Modern Cook," which is somewhere in the twenties, with respect to the present edition brought out by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, lies in its size, which makes it unwieldy for handling. It is true that it contains a large amount of material, comprising, in addition to English cookery, the best features of the French, German and Italian. It also gives instructions in many matters not usually contained in cook books. The volume contains 600 pages, filled with recipes to the number of 1,480 and 62 illustrations of various dishes. There are also Bills of Fare for every day in the year. The author's Queen Victoria's chief cook. Price is $5, and it is sent postpaid by T. B. Peterson & Brothers upon receipt of the money.

Literary Notes.

A select compilation of the letters of Charles Dickens will soon be issued by the Scribners.

Somebody has called Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Olive Schreiner and Mrs. Deland the agnostic trinity.

George Meredith's new novel, which is almost ready for publication, has for its title "A Romance of Journalism."

"In and Around Berlin," by an American lady, Mrs. Norton, will soon be published by A. G. McClurg & Co., of Chicago.

St. Nicholas for September opens with a pathetic little story, presumably true, of "The Lamb that Couldn't 'Keep Up.'"

The Boston *Journal* cynically observes that "the average novel does not pay the author for his trouble, and often does not cover the typewriter's bill."

Scribner's Magazine for September contains the opening chapter of a new serial—an exciting and patriotic romance of colonial days by Harold Frederic.

Mary Howitt left an autobiography, which has been edited by her daughter, Margaret Crawford. It will soon be published in this country by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A new illustrated weekly, *The West Shore*, will be started next Saturday in Portland, Ore. Its special aim will be to represent the scenes and incidents of the Pacific coast.

"The author of the historical novel, 'Micah Clarke,'" says the *Critic*, "is an English physician only 30 years old, who has been a writer of magazine stories for ten years past.

The *Saturday Review* pronounces Miss Howard's new story, "The Open Door," unusual and generally interesting, and the problem of the story "as absorbing in its way as that of 'The Lady and the Tiger.'"

The exhibit of holiday books, collections of etchings, etc., made by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, publishers, 182 Fifth avenue, New York, has received honorable mention at the Universal Exposition at Paris.

"The Heart of New Mexico" is the title of an elaborate article on the most foreign part of the United States, by Prof. F. M. Endlich, which will be published, with eighteen illustrations, in a four-page supplement to *Harper's Weekly*, Sept. 4.

The largest private library in Washington is probably that of George Bancroft's, numbering twelve thousand volumes. He has a copy of "Don Juan," which Lord Byron gave him, with an autograph note pasted in it, and he has poems that Wordsworth gave him.

A magazine on a novel plan is announced by the American Press company, of Baltimore, Md. It will be called the *No Name Magazine*, and all who have anything worth saying are invited to contribute, whether they are known or unknown.

The *American Bookseller* is glad to notice an increasing issue of books in paper covers. It says: A paper-covered volume is easier to carry and to read; and it it is worth preserving, it deserves a good binding. It is probable that the change to paper covers will in the long run be to the advantage of the skilled binder.

Mrs. Ole Bull has given up the Lowell house, which the poet and his daughter are about to occupy, and is just finishing a new house in the familiar colonial style not far from the Lowell house. The colonial style has, in New England, almost entirely superceded the Queen Anne. It continues to remain a point of honor with New England people to paint these colonial houses white and buff, like the homesteads of Longfellow and Lowell.

It seems that the day for fleshly novels has already gone by. The demand for the work of the Daintries and the Gertrude Athertons and other disciples of the fleshly school has practically ceased in leading book stores, and people are asking for healthier literature. The reaction was bound to come, but it has come somewhat sooner than was expected. The story-paper-away 50-cent American novel is selling better than anything else. A few years ago the book stores would have nothing to do with it, and, when published, would not order any from the publisher. But now the American novel has taken the place of its English rival, and the demand for reprints of English books, which used to be so general and which was so profitable to three or four publishers here, has almost died out.—*American Bookseller.*

A department entitled "Woman's Work and Wages" is to be added to Clark W. Bryan & Co.'s journal, *Good Housekeeping*, (Springfield, Mass.,) beginning with the number for November 9, the first of the tenth volume. This department will be in charge of Mrs. Helen Campbell, author of "Prisoners of Poverty." In general, the department will be devoted to the relation of women to social economies, and "will discuss every phase bearing upon daily life, the problem at present involved in domestic service being one of the most pressing. It is vitally important," says Mrs. Campbell, "that women should consider upon this point, since the evil has reached a stage where concerted action against it is imperative." It is hoped, she continues, that "woman workers, as well as those who work for women," will make this department a channel of communication.

All Explained.

Mrs. Gilhooley—"I understand that your daughter Kate said I am a gadabout and other uncomplimentary things."

Mrs. McGinnis—"You should pay no attention to what the simple child says. She is always repeating everything the neighbors tell her."

INDIAN LORE.

Customs of Western Tribes—Medicine Men and War Dances.

The habits and customs of some of the western tribes are so little known to the general reader that perhaps a description of some of their curious practices may be of some interest, says a writer in the *Scientific American*. Mr. Paul Beckwith has published an interesting paper on the Dakotahs in the last report of the Smithsonian institution, and, among other things, he remarks that the medicine man or high priest is invariably chief, and, although he maintains his sway by the use of mysteries and incantations, nevertheless at times shows a power which is not understood by those outside of the cult or brotherhood, and through a knowledge of the medicinal properties of herbs often performs cures that lead one to believe that he is not altogether the charlatan he is represented. His cures are often the wonder of the army surgeons.

An incident in point is cited in the case of an Indian who one day came staggering into camp with his leg horribly swollen from the bite of a venomous snake. The camp surgeon could do nothing for the sufferer, but he was completely cured by the medicine man. Another case is quoted, in which a cataract of the eye was cured by inserting brass filings into the affected organ. To impress upon the mind of the patient the divine nature of his medicine, the medicine man adds to the efficacy of remedy mysterious pantomimes, contortions of the body and features, and always in direct accompaniment. The patient is affected with a serious ailment, he places a paper or bark figure on the ground, and while the patient is held over it he fires a gun, by which act the sickness passes into the image in the ground, and is killed by the discharge of the gun. They claim that all this power is received from the Great Spirit, who confers upon them a spiritual medicine so powerful that they can kill at will, resuscitate the dead, and cure the sick. This spiritual medicine is represented by anything that strikes the fancy, as a bunch of feathers, a claw, a bird, or the head of an animal.

When a council is held a barricade is erected in the form of an ellipse, and a tent is raised at each end of the inclosure, one for the high priests or medicine men and the other for ten men, who have been selected to keep order and conduct the ceremony, acting as a sort of police. The high priest, from his seat in the medicine tent, appoints four assistants, one bearing a drum, one a pillow and stick, one a rattle, and the last assisting by grunting. A big drum in the center of the circle is being constantly beaten by several drummers. The high priest then speaks to them of the holy dance, which was founded centuries ago, and tells them of the power of medicine of their ancestors, and warning skeptics not to scoff at them or their craft, as they have the power of inflicting a claw or a stone through the body of any one at will, causing instant death. In proof of this assertion, he calls one of his assistants to him and points toward him with the medicine bag, at the same instant puffing at him with his lips, whereupon the assistant falls to the ground, apparently senseless. The priest salaams to the four points of the compass, and invokes the Great Spirit to aid him and the other members present in bringing the dead brother to life. The drums are then beaten and a frantic dance is begun, when the lifeless form gradually returns to consciousness, and spits into his hand a mass of filth and blood, in which is found a claw or a stone. The high priest now dances around the circle, and, waving his medicine bag, blows upon some one else, who, in the same manner, falls to the ground senseless. The chief continues, and the "dead men," reviving, assist in shooting others, until the exercises full of howling savages, dancing, yelling and shooting each other. The dancing is kept up in the most frantic manner. After a certain length of time the four assistants, who have been trotting around the ring faster and faster, form in line, and after advancing and retreating several times, thrust the instruments above the heads of others, who become their successors, and then take seats, and now represent the gods of the north, south, east and west, the high priest representing the Great Spirit, or Wan-kan-tan-ka. When a new member is initiated he is taken into the council tent for instructions, which are secret. He is then stripped of his clothing, excepting an apron, above the loins and moccasins on his feet. He is then painted entirely black, except a small red spot between his shoulders. The candidate is exhorted to be good, and is told that his medicine will be correspondingly powerful, and he must also give a feast once a year. If he does not these evil men will meet with misfortune, sickness or death. The candidate now receives the holy claw or stone. The medicine man, approaching him from the east, describes the course of the sun with the medicine bag, and, bowing to the four points of the compass, mutters an incantation, and, thrusting the bag toward him, says: "There goes the spirit." The candidate then falls prostrate, and blankets, skins, ornaments, etc., are thrown as offerings over the candidate. At command of the high priest the novice recovers and is presented with the medicine bag, becoming a recognized member of the order. After these ceremonies the feast begins, and the food, which has been cooking before the tents of the assistants, is distributed among the people. The dance lasts from daybreak to daybreak of the day following, and, as these dances are frequently given in winter with the thermometer often far below zero, it may be easily imagined how the candidates must suffer, clad as they are in a coat of paint. It is generally understood that the members of the order have secret signs and passes, but the penalty of exposure is so sure and swift that none of the secrets are ever divulged. There are well-known instances in which indiscreet members have mysteriously, but permanently, disappeared, at the instance, it is supposed, of the medicine men.

BULLETS FROM BATTLE-FIELDS.

Sold for Old Lead by the Pound in an Alexandria Junk Shop.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the war, yet many of the farmers of Virginia are still realizing from Yankee lead and brass quite a revenue. It is the children of these farmers living nearest the great battle-fields that bring to light most of the buried relics of the cruel past. Their tiny fingers, sometimes in play, again with the hope of adding to the family coffer, unearth pounds of lead.

In strolling through Alexandria, Va., the writer came across a veritable old curiosity shop down by the wharf. It is kept by an old junk dealer, who, yielding to a desire for a glimpse at the latest curiosity, brought to light a big box which had just arrived from the country that morning. There, in reckless confusion, were bullets, musket balls, old pieces of brass, epaulettes, sword hilts, buckles and buttons, all battered and bruised and corroded by the earth in which they had been buried for so many years. This box, the dealer said, would weigh about 150 pounds, and was but one of many that he was constantly receiving.

From the midst of the debris a button was fished out, upon which was inscribed the arms of Vermont (freedom and unity), showing that they must have belonged to some member of the first militia that was mustered into service, as the troops were afterwards uniformed by the United States. These war relics come from the battle-fields of Manassas, Culpeper, Fredericksburg and the Valley of Virginia, and are sold simply for their value as old lead and brass. Occasionally an invoice of shells arrives which throws the downtown inhabitants into a state of consternation. Not so very long ago quite a batch of these wicked looking things were promptly hustled out of town by command of the mayor.

But the farmers were wise they would preserve the most interesting of these momentoes, for there will no doubt come a time when even the most insignificant will have its value.

Was the First Marriage a Failure?

Albany Express.

A remark of the Rev. Dr. H. C. Farrar, of this city, is going the rounds and exciting considerable comment. This is what the Martha's Vineyard *Herald* has to say touching it: "Dr. Farrar, at Round Lake, told the people that Adam was not a success as a husband. We have never thought of Adam in this light, but any man who would ruin his business and entail misery on his posterity by doing a foolish thing to please his wife is certainly a failure as a husband."

A Point for Judges.

Police Station Janitor—What have you arrested this man for?

Policeman—I saw him cut the ropes of a hammock in which two young people were sparking.

Janitor—What crime do you intend charging him with?

Policeman—What charge? Why—why, contempt of court!

BERCHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.

AT THE EXPOSITION.

Enthusiastic Amateur—"I shall be very glad to exhibit my picture, but must request that it be placarded, 'Not for Sale.'"

Exposition Secretary—"Oh, Madame, that is not at all necessary."

CONFEDERATE BLUFF.

A Plain Yankee Made Him Draw in His Horns.

New York Sun.

Just after the war there was a crowd of us in the billiard room of a hotel one evening, and among the "touchy" Southerners was a Col. Gray, of the Tennessee troops. He was said to be a duellist, a dead shot, a fearless man, and all that, and was therefore held in awe. Among those present was a long, lean, typical Yankee, who had come down to smell out cotton. He looked humble and harmless, and had been hustled around a good deal without losing his temper. By some accident in moving about he bumped the colonel, and the latter promptly wheeled on him with:

"Sir, you are as clumsy as an ox."

"Don't git riled, kurnel; I didn't mean to," was the reply.

It was a good time to bluff, and the colonel drew himself up and replied:

"Then apologize, sir—apologize at once!"

"I said I didn't mean it, and I didn't, but I ain't going to crawl, you know."

"Who are you, sir?"

"Wall, neow, I'm Isaac Williams, and who might you be?"

"You have insulted me, sir! There's my card."

Williams took the pasteboard, looked it all over, slowly read the name, and turned to the colonel with:

"Hev ye got any cotton to sell, Kurnel? If so, I'm your huckleberry."

"If you have a friend let him consult with the major here," replied the fire-eater.

Some one explained to the Yankee that he had been challenged, and he scratched his head, whistled his surprise, and following the colonel to the bar he said:

"See here, Kurnel, I don't want this blame thing hanging over me all night and disturbing my sleep. Let's have it out now."

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The colonel took the revolver, started to advance his foot, drew it back, turned as white as snow, and, laying the weapon on the bar, walked out of the place without a word to any one. The Yank had raised him out of the game.

FEMININE MOTION.

Col. Elliott F. Shepard's Very Profound Philosophy of Woman.

N. Y. Mail and Express.

There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, and one star differeth from another star in beauty. Women are not born equal in personal attractiveness, but any girl, not positively deformed, can learn to run. To see a woman run is to look at a goose waddling. Did you ever look at a frieze of Greek girls running in any classic collection? Did it not impress you with its beauty, health and sweetness, its joy in living? Could you look at the round, supple limbs, instinct with grace and freedom, the sinuous tunics, the fairness and poise of the figures, without feeling that these large-eyed, sound-lunged creatures were what woman was meant to be? Many disorders of the complexion come from functional difficulties, and to be able to run is to possess strong hips.

The pose of the archer as the arrow is loosed is said to be the most graceful a woman can assume. To paddle a canoe—not row a boat, which is a very different matter—is a wonderful specific to round the arms and fill out the chest, developing a deep-bosomed Diana. To throw a stone stretches the muscles, and to climb and jump and swim and fence and box and run races trains down the figure, makes firm the muscles, and gives the ease and lightness of varied motion, of force and good staying power to the whole body. All these exercises aerate the blood and make a living woman, not a creature in petticoats, with mush in her skull where she should have brains.

Woman, take yourself out of doors, and stand with your weight resting on the balls of the feet, not on the heels. Draw in the chin, hold the head erect, throw the chest out so that a line dropped perpendicularly from it would touch the toes, let your shoulders alone, draw in the abdomen, then forcibly fill and empty the lungs, compelling the vital breathing organs to work. Do this for ten or twenty minutes every day.

The Joy of Quarreling.

London Globe.

Somebody once praised a husband and wife on the ground that they never had a quarrel. Whereupon a wise bystander exclaimed, "What a dull life they must lead!" In that comment is contained a profound truth, and one which it is to be feared is too often ignored by those well-meaning but ill-advised beings whose only object seems to be to shed peace and quietness around in every place they visit. Peace and quietness are by no means the highest good; they do not constitute the ideal of the most enlightened philosophers. A painful illustration of this fact is to be found in the futile attempt of two monks to institute a quarrel. Both agreed that a quarrel would afford a cheerful rest from the dull monotony of their ordinarily peaceful life, and was therefore eminently to be desired.

A subject of dispute was proposed and found agreeable to both, and then the two monks, having settled all the necessary preliminaries, attempted to begin the fray. Alas! they discovered all too late, that, owing to prolonged disuse of their contentious faculties, they had positively lost the art of quarreling; the power was gone; it had vanished as completely and for the same reason as the eyesight of fish which are accustomed to swim only in underground streams. Dullness had been allowed to assert her leaden sway in the monastery, and the power of shaking it off had gone forever.

The Fortunate are the Isolated.

The conspicuous part of an exception lies in the fact that it is an exception.

Compound Oxygen is an exception—that is, it is exceptionally good. Is not this the inference you get from the following:

EDGEFIELD, S. C.

"I know of my own experience and in my own family of the virtues of Compound Oxygen as manufactured by DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.

THOS. J. ADAMS,
Editor of *Edgefield Advertiser*.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"I shall be glad to have you use me as a reference at any time."

GEO. W. BARTLET, M. D.

BUNKER HILL, IND., March 14, 1888.

"I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of the Compound Oxygen Treatment."

MISS. FLORENCE BLUE.

MELROSE, MASS., Feb. 1, 1884.

"My husband ordered a Home Treatment. Since then I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health and almost youthful vigor."

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE,
(The Celebrated Lecturer.)

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St. Phila., Pa.; or 120 Suiter street, San Francisco, Cal.

Not Afraid.

She—Are you afraid of train robbers?

He—No, I always tell them at night that I don't want my shoes shined, so they don't bother me the next morning.

CONFEDERATE BLUFF.

A Plain Yankee Made Him Draw in His Horns.

New York Sun.

Just after the war there was a crowd of us in the billiard room of a hotel one evening, and among the "touchy" Southerners was a Col. Gray, of the Tennessee troops. He was said to be a duellist, a dead shot, a fearless man, and all that, and was therefore held in awe. Among those present was a long, lean, typical Yankee, who had come down to smell out cotton. He looked humble and harmless, and had been hustled around a good deal without losing his temper. By some accident in moving about he bumped the colonel, and the latter promptly wheeled on him with:

"Sir, you are as clumsy as an ox."

"Don't git riled, kurnel; I didn't mean to," was the reply.

It was a good time to bluff, and the colonel drew himself up and replied:

"Then apologize, sir—apologize at once!"

"I said I didn't mean it, and I didn't, but I ain't going to crawl, you know."

"Who are you, sir?"

"Wall, neow, I'm Isaac Williams, and who might you be?"

"You have insulted me, sir! There's my card."

Williams took the pasteboard, looked it all over, slowly read the name, and turned to the colonel with:

"Hev ye got any cotton to sell, Kurnel? If so, I'm your huckleberry."

"If you have a friend let him consult with the major here," replied the fire-eater.

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JOSEPH'S CANAL.

An Engineering Work of the Patriarch Still in Good Order in Egypt.

How many of the engineering works of the nineteenth century, remarks *Engineering*, will there be in existence in the year 6000? Very few, we fear, and still less those that will continue in the far-off age to serve a useful purpose. Yet there is at least on great undertaking conceived and executed by an engineer which during the space of 4,000 years has never ceased its office, on which the life of a fertile province absolutely depends to-day. We refer to the Bahr Joussuf—the canal of Joseph—built, according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, and which constitutes not the least of the many blessings he conferred on Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule. This canal took its rise from the Nile at Asiut, and ran nearly parallel with it for nearly 250 miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile valley, with many a bend and winding, until at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the river bed, which enabled it to turn westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which was otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends.

The northern end stood seventeen feet above low Nile, while at the southern end it was at an equal elevation with the river. Through this cut ran a perennial stream, which watered a province named Fayoum, endowing it with fertility and supporting a large population. In the time of the annual flood a great part of the canal was under water, and then the river's current would rush in a more direct course into the pass, carrying with it the rich silt which takes the place of manure and keeps the soil in a state of constant productiveness.

All this, with the exception of the tradition that Joseph built it, can be verified today, and it is not mere supposition or rumor. Until eight years ago it was firmly believed that the design has always been limited to irrigation schemes larger, no doubt, than that now in operation, as shown by the traces of abandoned canals and by the slow aggregation of waste water which had accumulated in the Birket el Querun, but still essentially the same in character.

Many accounts have been written by Greek and Roman historians, such as Herodotus, Strabo, Mutianus and Pliny, and repeated in monkish legends or portrayed on the maps of the middle ages, which agreed with the folk lore of the district. These tales explained that the canal dug by the ancient Israelite served to carry the surplus water of the Nile into an extensive lake lying south of the Fayoum, and so large that it greatly modified the climate, tempering the arid winds of the desert and converting them into the balmy airs which nourished the vines and the olives into a fullness and fragrance unknown in any part of the country, but also added to the food supply of the land such immense quantities of fish that the royal prerogative of the right of fishery in the lake was valued at $250,000 annually. This lake was said to be 450 miles round, and to be navigated by a fleet of vessels, while the whole circumference was the scene of industry and prosperity.

MRS. LINCOLN'S BAD TEMPER.

The President Crept in at the Back Door to Escape Her Wrath.

In William Herndon's new book are given for the first time glimpses of Mr. Lincoln's domestic side which leave no chance for mystification as to the reasons for the unhappiness of the great man's married life. While Mrs. Lincoln was proud, quick tempered, sharp-tongued, and eccentric, Mr. Lincoln was not a model husband. What angel among my fair listeners would have enjoyed keeping house with a man who encouraged his boys to turn the house topsy-turvy and served butter to his guests with his own knife—ignoring all the conventionalities of polite society?

Herndon says that Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of lying in his house on the floor, with the back of a chair for a pillow, while he read. One evening, while in this position, a knock was heard at the door, and he answered in his shirt sleeves. Finding two ladies at the door he invited them into the parlor, nodding them in his familiar way that he would "trot the women folks out."

Mrs. Lincoln overheard the remark and took in the scene. Her indignation was instantaneous and unrestrained, and she made the situation exceedingly embarrassing for him. He retreated from the house, head down, did not return till very late at night, and then slipped in at a rear door.

His fear of Mrs. Lincoln's violent temper is illustrated by another anecdote, now told for the first time by Herndon:

"One day a man making some improvements in Lincoln's yard suggested to Mrs. Lincoln the propriety of cutting down one of the trees, to which she assented. Before doing so, however, the man came down to our office and consulted Lincoln himself about it.

"'What did Mrs. Lincoln say?' inquired the latter.

"'Cut it down.'

"'Then in God's name cut it down to the roots!'"

Why the Leaves Change Color.

"Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their color in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old-fashioned idea is that all this red and golen glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the coloring of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, those causes are these: The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. The difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the great tissue, and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of Scotland and England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, when one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall, and the other should turn yellow, or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have brightest colors."

Authors' Ages.

New York Graphic.

Sarah Orne Jewett is 40 this September, Mrs. Humphrey Ward is 38, Lucy Larcom is 63, Harriet Prescott Spofford is 54, Edith M. Thomas is 35, Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune) is 59, Amelie Rives-Chanler is 26, Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett is 39, and she published her first story when only 18; Celia Thaxter is 53, Miss Braddon is 52, Blanche Willis Howard is 42, Rose Terry Cooke is 62, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward is 45, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is 27, Constance Fenimore Woolson is 41; nobody ever found out exactly the age of Miss Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), but it is believed that she was born in 1845, which would make her age 44; Mrs. Margaret Wade Doland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," is 31, and Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) is at least 28 years older.

FIDDLING A BRIDGE DOWN.

A Professor of Music Says it Can't be Done—Something About Vibration.

Remembering the old story about the fiddler who claimed he could fiddle down a bridge, a Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* reporter recently quizzed a professor of the musical art concerning the matter of responsive vibrations. The teacher of music proved to be no less acquainted with the science than with the art. The answers to many questions, compiled, are as follows:

The pitch of the tone either in singing or playing depends, of course, upon the number of vibrations in the vocal chords or in the instrument played upon. These vibrations are conveyed to the molecules of the air which vibrate in a similar manner. If any resonant object or substance be within reach of the vibrations of the instrument or of the secondary vibrations of the air, that object or substance is also set in motion. Any given elastic body can vibrate only at a given rate, and if vibration of that rate reach it the heretofore quiet substance also begins to vibrate. If a violin is hung upon a wall near a piano and the violin strings which are G, D, A and E in the scale are tuned to the piano, then whenever G, D, A and E are struck on the one instrument the strings on the other will vibrate similarly.

A note which sounds in response to another is called an aliquot note. If any note be sounded on the piano, its fifth, third and octave will also vibrate in response. There are objects in almost every room, some one of which will respond to every note struck. Glasses, lamp shades and globes, windows, metallic articles respond most readily to vibrations communicated to them through the air. Carpets upon the floors, curtains upon the walls, and other non-resonant substances take away and deaden the sound of musical instruments. The larger a room is, the louder the sound produced in it, air being highly elastic, and its multiplied vibrations adding to the intensity of the sound. In a small room, on the contrary, the same sound is less in intensity. If the keys of an octave on the piano be held down so that the damper be raised from the wires, and if a chord be struck in the octave above, it is easy to detect that the corresponding strings in the lower octave are sounding.

The principle of the phonograph was discovered through the established principle of responsive vibrations, the vibrations of the voice being communicated to a needle which makes indentations in metallic foil, corresponding to the vibrations, and as the foil is turned under the needle again, the needle dancing back and forth in the little indentations, reproduces the vibrations first given to the foil.

When asked if it was true that vibrations from musical instruments sometimes impair structures, the professor of music laughed and said he thought that impossible, and as to the story of fiddling a bridge down, he thought that absolutely impossible, although there could be no doubt that vibrations in the material of a bridge might be caused by a very slight sound if that sound be pitched properly.

WEARINESS.

What It Means and How It May be Relieved.

A tramp knows what it is to be leg-weary a farm laborer to be body-weary, a literary man to be brain-weary and a sorrowing man to be soul-weary. The sick are often weary, even of life itself. Weariness is generally a physiological "ebb tide," which time and patience will convert into a "flow." It is never well to whip or spur a worn-out horse, except in the direst straits. If he mends his pace in obedience to the stimulus, every step is a drop drawn from his life blood. Idleness is not one of the faults of the present age; weariness is one of the commonest experiences. The checks that many a mind draws on its physiological resources are innumerable; and as these resources are strictly limited, like any other ordinary banking account, it is very easy to bring about a balance on the wrong side.

Adequate rest is one kind of repayment to the bank, sound sleep another, regular exercise another, and good digestion another. One day's holiday in the week and one or two months in the year for those who work exceptionally hard usually bring the credit balance to a highly favorable condition; and thus, with care and management, physiological solvency is secured and maintained. But a physiological fortune is as good a thing, or even a better thing, than a money fortune. Stored resources, well invested, keep the mind easy and the body youthful. If, however, a man have not these, but only enough strength to go on steadily from day to day, he should watch carefully against excessive weariness. A feeling of prostration is the dark thunder cloud that portends a change in the atmosphere.

Health, like weather, may "break," and when once it is broken nobody knows when the barometer will mark "set fair" again. Weariness, coming on in the ordinary course of work, without any special and temporary cause, is nature's demand for an immediate holiday. The horse is tired. He does not want the whip, but a month's run in quiet and abundant pasture. As nothing in the world can properly satisfy hunger except food, so no drug or stimulant of any kind except rest can restore the weary to energy and health. The doctor's tonic is a very good thing in its way, but it will no more act as a substitute for rest than a glow worm's light will serve the same purpose as the moon.

SHOES FOR PRETTY FEET.

Why Men Make Better Clerks Than Women in Shoe Stores.

Rochester Post-Express.

"We have occasionally tried ladies as clerks, but the experiment has never proved satisfactory," said the proprietor of a large shoe store to a reporter. "Some of the big shoe stores in New York and other cities employ them, however. Occasionally lady customers will come in who prefer to have one of their own sex fit their shoes. Most women, however, prefer to be waited on by men. When the shoe is first tried on considerable strength is often required to button it properly. It is necessary to take hold of the edge of the shoe near the instep with one hand and draw it over the instep, while the button hook is used with the other hand. A man has so much more strength than a women in his hands and wrists, that he can fit a shoe with comparatively little difficulty. A women on the other hand in fitting a shoe usually tugs away with the button hook alone and in her ineffectual efforts to fit a shoe over the instep she sometimes tears off all the buttons. Customers are especially difficult to suit in the shoe business. Many of them seem to take pleasure in finding fault with the goods and their prices and that always discourages a lady clerk. In dry goods stores young women make good clerks whereas in the shoe business they would prove failures. I was employed in Minneapolis in a large shoe store at one time and one of the most successful saleswomen from a neighboring dry goods store was engaged by the firm. In spite of all her experience in dry goods business she was unable to sell shoes satisfactory and finally had to give up the attempt. A man, also, strange as it may seem, can tell much more accurately than a women what sized shoe a customer will wear. By long experience salesmen become so expert that by simply glancing at the customer's foot they can tell the size required."

Jealousy.

In every heart a set of bells
Awaits Love's touch to start them ringing,
And sweet and clear their music wells
Out on the soul, sped by his swinging.

But in a corner of the heart
Another bell on high is hanging,
And it the merest touch will start
To mar the chime with its loud clanging.

And Love, the bellman, careless wight,
Too oft this last bell never seeing,
Will pull its rope, and then, in fright,
Seek refuge from its sound in fleeing.
—*George Owen Koch in Puck.*

Appearances.

Rayser (the new barber)—Pardon me, sir, but if I might venture to recommend this "Specific for Baldness"—

Harelys—Sir! are you not aware that I am the manufacturer of it?

S. JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT PAIN CURE.
THE CHAMPION OARSMEN,
TEEMER & HANLAN,
USE NO OTHER REMEDY FOR
Sprains, Strains, Soreness, Stiffness, Aches and Pains.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

"ONLY A MULE DRIVER."

BY COMRADE HARRY DINGMAN, TOLEDO, O

IT IS strange that seeing a child weeping, as if her heart was broken, should bring to my notice and memory the indispensible "army mule." City park at the hour of sunset was full of people, old and young. Laughter and shouts of happy children; earnestly spoken and low-toned talk of lovers, seeking secluded bowers, and music of birds among the flowers, filled the air with melody. And in the midst of it all, I met a little girl who wept, as if life with its harmonies was not for her. Her companions on the bench she had just left were calling to her with taunts that made her grieve the more. As we were about to meet, she saw the Grand Army badge I wore, and paused as if to speak.

"What is it, little one? Tell me your trouble. Perhaps I can help you," I said.

The sweet, fair face with tears upon it, changed on the instant to a look less serious.

"Oh! sir," she said, "I want you to tell me something about the war; about mule drivers; and tell me if they were brave like men in the battle. Don't tell me they were cowards, and ran away when the enemy began to shoot. Oh! sir, I don't want to hear that. My grandpa was a driver of a mule team in the ammunition train. He had a leg shot off and an arm too, when he drove right into the midst of the fierce and terrible battle, to unload the bullets for the men to fill their empty cartridge-boxes with."

And the naughty children said mule drivers in the army were of no account; and that they were not soldiers; and never saw the enemy, nor heard a shot; and that it was a disgrace? Well! well! so I must soothe this troubled heart. We sat down upon the grass, beneath a tree, regardless of the warning notice; and with the little hands in mine the beautiful questioner listened while I gave my opinion on this matter, of such great importance to her.

"Bless you, my child, as for boners, there is no difference at all between the good mule driver and any other good soldier. And the bad, worthless, no-account teamster is not unlike any other soldier of similar character. But I must remark, my dear, that when favors were being passed around as a recognition of superior worth, the mule driver 'got left.' That was wrong, though it was no fault of his. The position he occupied was not of his choosing. The command of his captain was imperative, to the soldier in line of battle, to the driver of mules, to drummer and fifer, and to all alike. None dare to say him nay.

"And so you do love your dear old grandpa, because he was a soldier? Now, I want you to feel for him all the love your heart can hold. Never forget that it was more honorable to be only a mule driver in the army of loyal and true men, than to be the highest in command of traitors. The greatest hero—the model soldier, even—deserves no more laudation than the model mule driver. Both of them, if doing less than their whole duty, with a cheerful spirit, deserve that much less than full meed of praise."

Comrades, perhaps sad truths might be told concerning some of those mule teams in the army; but "ignorance is bliss" with my little friend. How could I look into the clear depths of her beautiful eyes, as she questioned me about the class of soldiers to which her grandsire belonged, and tell her how some of them have become the worst of liars? And then, too, that one kindly, generous driver could well work off more oaths in sixty seconds than a whole brigade of horsemen! That he could strike more savagely with a whip, and enjoy the exercise with more zest than the old-time driver of slaves, and that his ability to endure disgust and impatience was very limited. All of which is respectfully referred to for the consideration of those who "have been there."

But the most intensely interesting specimen of his class, I think, is the retired mule driver, who comes home ashamed to have it known what his real occupation was during his term of service. Frequently we find him in some secluded hamlet out west, growing up with the Indians, and telling lies to the white men. On the pleasant evenings of the summer time, he sets on a barrel head in front of the only store, and tells the natives how he slew the enemy single-handed; how on one never-to-be-forgotten time, when in the act of rescuing the fallen colors from capture, he fought four stalwart rebels, and left them dead, when the unequal combat ended; how on the night he crawled up so stealthily on the vidette, and stabbed

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The "International Date Line."

——, Aumsville, Ore.: Please don't ask us to reprint articles. Cut them out and paste them on a screen-book, and then you will have them. 1.—Taking for granted a familiarity with the rotundity of the earth and its daily revolution from west to east on its axis, it will not be difficult to grasp the idea of a date line, the line marking the place where new days of the week are assumed to begin and end. The International Date Line marks the boundary between places settled by men who sailed from the east and those settled by men who came from the west. When it is Sunday west of this line it is Saturday east of it. There seems to be an impression that 180 degrees east or west from Greenwich is the point at which this change of date took place. This is not the case. The line is a very irregular one, located mainly in the Pacific ocean and extending from pole to pole. Along the date line dates must be made later by one day when crossing it from the east to the west, and earlier by one day when crossing it from west to east. The earth revolves on its axis from west to east every 24 hours. Suppose a person starting from any given meridian at the moment of sunrise, on Monday mor ing were able to travel due west with the same speed with which the earth revolves eastward, he would make the journey around the earth and arrive at his starting point in exactly 24 hours. Twenty-four hours of time have elapsed, but to this traveler the sun has been on the point of rising all the time, and to him it would still be sunrise Monday morning, while to his family it would, of course, be sunrise Tuesday morning. He has apparently lost a day. Now, suppose he were to start at noon, on Tuesday, and travel eastward at the same rate of speed with which the earth revolves eastward on its axis. He would make the journey around the earth in exactly 24 hours. It would be noon when he reached the opposite side of the earth and noon again when he returned to his starting point. He would have three noons in 24 hours. On his return it would seem to him to be Thursday noon, though his family would assure him it was only Wednesday noon. He would apparently have gained a day by traveling eastward. For every degree one traveled westward it is necessary to turn back the hand of a watch four minutes, and for every degree traveled eastward the hand of a watch must be set forward four minutes, in order to keep the time of the meridians crossed. Every traveler on east and west lines, even on comparatively short journeys, is aware of this error or load of time. When we travel around the earth, in either direction, there is a difference in time of one day, the result being the same without regard to the rate of speed. To avoid this confusion of dates, some line has been determined upon at which eastern-bound travelers add a day and westward-bound travelers drop a day from their reckoning. This line is what is meant by the date line. The calendars used in the civilized world originated in Rome. Communica ion from Rome westward would naturally be considered earlier in time, at the same instant, while eastward communication would be considered later, in the same instant. The date lines would occur wherever these communications met. To the western part of Europe, the islands of the Atlantic, to South America and the greater part of North America communication from Rome come westward. The date line could therefore not be located in the Atlantic or in America. To the eastern part of Europe and to Asia communication from Rome came eastward. The date line could be established in the Pacific Ocean between the islands that received dates by eastward and by westward communication. To illustrate this in the case of Alaska, which, as Russian America, received its dates from the west, corresponding with those of Asia. The northwestern part of British America received its dates from the east, corresponding with those of America, and Alaska, Russian America and British Americans therefore differed as to the day of the week. Here was a clear date line, causing confusion. When Russian America, now Alaska, was purchased by the United States, the day that was Sunday with the Russians was Monday with the Americans. But now the date line has been pushed out into the straits and Alaska conforms to the rest of the United States. It will be seen that this date line can not be located on any particular meridian. Its present approximate trend is as follows; Beginning at the North Pole it passes through Behring's Straits, west of Clarke's or St. Lawrence Island, west of Goose Island, thence southwesterly between the Aleutian Islands and Asia. Then still southwestwardly east of the group of Kurile Islands, then just east of the Japan Islands, leaving to the westward Guadalupe and Margaret's Island, but east of LooChoo and Patchoo Islands and southeast of Formosa. Then through the Bashee channel just north of the Bashee Islands. Then into the China Sea east of Hong Kong, thence passes south just west of the Philippine Islands and keeping east of Palawan Island. Then taking a southeasterly course, keeping south of Sooloo Islands, south of Mindanao and north of Gilolo. Here it passes east nearly parallel with, but just north of the equator to north of Schank Island; thence southeasterly, leaving Gilbert and Ellice and the DuPeyster group on the northeast; thence to the Samoan Islands, where it turns south, keeping east of Navigator, Friendly, Tonga, Vasquez, Kermadec and Curtis Islands and west of Hervey, Society and Oparo or Harver's Island. Then it continues south, bearing somewhat to the west so as to cross Chatham Islands; thence to the South Pole. By connecting these points on a map you may trace "The International Date Line."

2.—The etymology of proper names is a very obscure subject. It is difficult to find the origin of nicknames, and the relation between such names as Robert and Bob, Richard and Dick, Henry and Harry, William and Bill, Elizabeth and Betsy, Mary and Polly, Martha and Patsy, Mar aret and Peggy. If any reader can explain the relations between these names and their nicknames, we shall be glad to publish it.

Reconstruction in the South.

J. L. C., Walcot, Va.: 1.—During the winter of 1865-66 Congress passed a law that no state should be represented in Congress until that body had declared that state entitled thereto. Congress then passed the bill proposing the 14th amendment, and declaring that any state ratifying it should be entitled to Congressional representation. Tennessee did this, and was re-admitted to representation July 24, 1866. No other Southern state adopting it, Congress was obliged to take further steps looking to reconstruction. For this purpose the ex-rebel states were divided into five military districts; military governors were appointed, with power to protect life and property, aided by military commissions or the local courts; these governors were also to supervise the election of delegates to a constitutional convention, to which all but certain disqualified classes were eligible, and for delegates to which only those eligible could vote. These constitutions were to be ratified by a popular vote, and then passed on by Congress; after this the new legislature was to ratify the 13th amendment, and when it had become part of the constitution, the state was to be admitted to Congressional representation. This bill was passed March 2, 1867. Reconstruction proceeded under this act. The constitutions adopted by the states abolished slavery, repudiated the debts incurred during the rebellion, renounced the right of secession, and declared that no laws should be passed abridging the rights of any class of citizens. Governors and legislatures were elected under the new constitutions, and Arkansas was readmitted June 22, 1868; North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Louisiana June 25, 1868; Virginia, January 26, 1870; Mississippi, February 23, 1870; Texas, March 30, 1870; Georgia, July 15, 1870. The last four states were required by Congress to ratify the 15th amendment also as a requisite for readmission. The action of Congress as to reconstruction was declared constitutional by the Supreme court of the United States in the case of the state of Texas vs. White.

2.—We are not familiar with the history of free schools in Virginia. 3.—The Republican party's history since the war has been practically the history of the United States. It reconstructed the Union, bought Alaska, resumed specie payments, and has originated every great measure of national policy inaugurated since then, or which is in effect to-day.

"In God We Trust."

J. C. C., Richmond, Ind.: The motto, "In God We Trust," which is now stamped on all gold and silver coins of United States money, was suggested by an honest, God-fearing old farmer of the state of Maryland, and by conscientious Christian thought that our currency should indicate the Christian character of our nation, and by introducing a motto upon our coins express a national reliance on Divine support in our governmental affairs. In 1861, when Salmon P. Chase was secretary of the Treasury, he wrote him and suggested that, as we claimed to be a Christian people, we should make a suitable recognition of that fact on our coinage. The letter was referred to the director of the mint, who was James Pollock, a Puritanic Christian, of Pennsylvania. In Mr. Pollock's report for 1862 he discussed the question of a recognition of the sovereignty of God and our trust in him on our coins. The proposition to introduce a motto upon coins was favorably considered by Mr. Chase, and in the report he said he did not doubt, but believed that it would meet with an approval by an intelligent public sentiment. But Congress gave no attention to the suggestion, and in his next annual report he again referred to the subject, this time in a firm theological argument, and says: "The motto suggested, 'God Our Trust,' is taken from our national hymn, 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The sentiment is familiar to every citizen of our country; it has thrilled the hearts and fallen in song from the lips of millions of American freemen. The time is propitious; tis an hour of national peril and danger, an hour when man's strength is weakness, when our strength and salvation must be of God. Let us reverently acknowledge His sovereignty, and let our coinage declare our trust in God." A 2c bronze piece was authorized to be coined by Congress the following year, April 22, 1864, and upon this was first stamped the motto, "In God We Trust." In his report for that year he expressed his approval of the act, and strongly urged that the recognition of trust be extended to the gold and silver coins of the United States. By the fifth section of the act of Congress of March 3, 1865, the director of the Mint, with the approval of the secretary of the Treasury, was authorized to place upon all the gold and silver coin of the United States, susceptible of such additions, thereafter to be issued, the motto, "In God We Trust."

The Word "Yankee."

J. H., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: The theories as to the origin of the word Yankee are numerous, and the choice of one of them may be made to suit the best judgment of the reader. Dr. William Gordon, in a history of the American war, published in 1789, said it was a cant word in Cambridge, Mass., as early as 1713, and was used to denote especial excellence, as "a yankee good horse," "yankee good cider," etc. He supposed it was originally a by-word in the college, and being taken by students into other parts of the country, was applied to New Englanders as a term of slight reproach, and gradually obtained general currency throughout New England. Thierry says it was a corruption of Jankin, a diminutive of John, which was a nickname given by the Dutch colonists of New York to their neighbors in the Connecticut settlements. Asbury, an English writer, says it is derived from a Cherokee word "eankee," which signifies coward and slave. This epithet was bestowed on the inhabitants of New England by the Virginians for not assisting them in a war with the Cherokees, and they have always been held in derision by it. Another theory, and one which is regarded the most probable, is that of Mr. Heckewelder, that the Indians, in endeavoring to pronounce the word English, made it Yengees or Yangees, and this originated the name. The Dutch think that the name was given by the Indians to the English colonists; from them it was adopted by the British, who applied it generally to New Englanders only. Europeans subsequently applied it to all nations of the United States, and during the war the Southerners dubbed all inhabitants of the Northern states by the epithet, but it properly belongs solely to native New Englanders.

The Exposition of 1892.

H. N., Henrietta, Tex.: 1.—The proposed international exhibition, to be held in 1892, in celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, will be a public, not a private, affair. It will be conducted by a committee of persons selected in some way yet to be determined. Congress will make an appropriation for it, and select the place where it shall be held. The money "goes to the benefit of it;" it is not a money-making institution. Such exhibitions seldom or never pay their expenses, which are very heavy, because of the cost of preparation, erecting buildings, etc. 2.—The letter published in the Democrats in last year's campaign purported to have been written by Mr. Dudley, and contained directions that purchasable voters were to be divided into "blocks of five," each five being conducted to the polls by some one who would see that they voted as they had been paid to do. It was an ingenious forgery. Dudley sent a letter giving campaign instructions, which was written on a type-writer, and was on two sheets of paper. The second sheet was forged on a type-writer by some Indiana Democrat, the sentences about buying voters and sending them to the polls in bands of five persons being inserted by the forger.

"George Eliot" (Marian Evans.)

C. C. G., Kidderville, Kan.: 1.—"George Eliot" was the *nom de plume* of Miss Marian Evans, a famous English novelist. She was born in Warwickshire, England, about 1820. She made a name as a writer of essays and reviews, and as a translator. In 1857 "Scenes in Clerical Life" appeared, followed in 1858 by "Adam Bede;" "Mill on the Floss," 1859; "Silas Marner," 1861; "Romola," 1863; "Felix Holt," 1866; "Middlemarch," 1872; "Daniel Deronda" and "Theophrastus Such" were her closing works. During her literary career she met G. George Henry Lewes, a talented editor and philosophical writer, and assumed the relation of wife to him, although they were not married and could not be. Mr. Lewes had a living wife, who, incurably insane, was in an asylum. The high literary standing of the parties, however, caused this ill-gal connection to be looked on with leniency in England. Lewes died in 1878, and Miss Evans married a gentleman named Cross, in May, 1880. She died in December of the same year. 2.—The word bicycle is pronounced in three syllables by-si-kl, accent on the first; the y in the second is given the long sound.

The Baconian Philosophy.

H. G. C., Oxford Mills, Iowa: 1.—The modern inductive philosophy began with Lord Bacon's great philosophic work, the "Novum Organum," through which Bacon proposed to replace the scholastic logic represented in the Organon of Aristotle by a new system, in which the true and solid principle of investigating nature should supplant the old principle of mere verbal dialectics, and lead to fruit in the shape of genuine knowledge. Bacon held that study should be engaged in, and the secrets of nature and life, and in their application to human use, instead of being employed in wearisome and sterile speculations. Instead of hypotheses, he took facts, from effects to causes, not from theoretical causes to effects, was his rule. 2.—Hot water will dissolve substances more readily than cold; hence it is easier to wash clean with hot than with cold water. 3.—Consult a good physician.

Our Use of Tobacco.

N. C. R., Rushville, Neb.: The internal revenue report for the fiscal year closing June 30 last shows a continued increase in the use of tobacco in the United States, due to the growth of population in numbers and prosperity. In the following statement results for 1889 are compared with those for 1888, for 1884 and for 1879:

	Cigars No. per capita	Cigarettes No. per capita	Tobacco lbs. per capita
1889	61.8	29.5	3.23
1888	61.8	29.7	3.23
1884	61.5	16.1	3.10
1879	44.9	4.9	2.59

The decrease in consumption of cigars is evidently attributable to the rapid increase in cigarettes, and taking the two together the increase is equivalent to less than a tenth of 1 per cent, while in smoking and chewing tobacco it is nearly three per cent.

A Constitutional Question.

D. W. S. Shelbyville, Tenn.: 1—Article II, Sec. 3 of the United States constitution, which says that the electors "shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President and Vice President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves," means that the President and Vice-President may not both be from one state. It is a provision that arose out of the jealous fear of the 13 original states, that the large states would usurp all the offices. That this is its meaning is evident from the debates in the constitutional convention over its adoption, and nobody has even been foolish enough to try to twist any other meaning out of it. Political conventions always nominate the two candidates from different states. 2.—No court has ever passed upon it; but if it should, the intent of the provision would be construed from the debates in the constitutional convention, mentioned above.

The Poet Goethe.

E. J. A., Garfield, Ill.: 1.—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the greatest of German poets, was born in 1749 at Frankfort-on-the-Main. He took his degree as Doctor of Laws in 1771. He spent some years in his native city, engaged in literary work. His first great work was "Goetz von Berlinchingen." In 1775 he accepted an invitation from Karl August, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, to settle in his capital. Here Goethe after some years became privy councilor. In 1782 he received a patent of nobility. He kept Christiana Vulpius as his mistress for a number of years, finally marrying her in 1806. He died in 1832. 2.—The word Mephistopheles is pronounced "Mef-isstof-el-leeze," accent on the third. 3.—We get tired of answering silly questions or those that can be answered from ordinary school-books.

Easter Sunday.

A. W. F., Parsons, Kan.: 1.—Christmas, as the anniversary of the birth of Christ, is fixed by universal custom, according to a decree of the council of Nice, A. D. 325, is always the Sunday after the full moon which comes on or next after March 21; and if the day of full moon is Sunday, March 21, Easter day is the Sunday after. By this arrangement, Easter day may come as early as March 22 or as late as April 25. 2.—The origin of the egg custom is hard to determine, it is of such ancient date. People of all Christian nations have indulged in the practice of coloring eggs and making presents of them on Easter from the earliest times. A royal roll of the time of Edward I., still preserved in the tower of London, speaks of an expenditure of 400 eggs to be colored and used on Easter Sunday.

The Stars and Stripes.

Reader, Columbus, O.: Congress, on June 14, 1777, resolved "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." This was the authorized flag until 1794, when two new states, Vermont and Kentucky, having been admitted, the stars and stripes were increased to fifteen each. By the act of April 4, 1818, the flag was changed to its present form —thirteen stripes and a star for each state. This continued all the legislation ever passed by Congress on the subject, except that the new star is to be added on the 4th of July next following the admission of the state. Hence the flag can not legally have 42 stars until July 4 of next year.

Various Sacred Books.

W. S. H., Viola, Ill.: The leading religions of the world are the Buddhist, Brahminical, Mohammedan, Christian and Jewish. There are estimated to be 450,000,000 Buddhists in the world. The books of this religion are many, but do not seem to have been translated into English. There are 177,000,000 Brahmins, whose sacred books are called the Vedas—the Rigveda, Yajenveda, Srmaveda and Atharvaveda. The Rigveda has been translated into English, and can probably be obtained through a bookseller. There are 200,000,000 Mohammedans whose sacred book is the Koran. Any bookseller will order you an English translation. There are 380,000,000 Christians in the world, and 7,231,085 Jews. Any bookseller can get you a Catholic Bible. The first five books of the Bible are commonly ascribed to Moses; we do not know what the "seven books of Moses" are.

Tar and Sand Sidewalks.

M. A. W., Port Kenyon, Cal., asks for a recipe "for making tar and gravel sidewalks." A gentleman who is in that business in this city gives us the following: Take equal parts of what is known as "roofing pitch," and of coal tar; melt together and get them thoroughly mixed. Use clean, sharp sand instead of gravel; put it in a shallow sheet iron pan and heat it hot; then add enough of the tar and pitch mixture to cover each grain of sand, and yet still keep the mass crumbling. Mix well. Put it on the sidewalk hot and roll it repeatedly with a heavy roller. Make a foundation for the walk of broken stone mixed with coal ashes, six inches deep; on this put the hot tarred sand, so as to be two inches thick when rolled. When completed and rolled down, cover with sand.

A Meridian Line.

J. C., Elsie, Mich., writes: "I have a desire to establish a perfectly true meridian line. Suppose I line two objects with the North star; will it give me a true meridian line?"

No, because the North star is not directly over the north pole of the earth. It is about a degree and a half away, and appears to revolve about the true pole once every 24 hours in consequence. There is no way to get a true meridian line but by having a thoroughly competent astronomer or surveyor to establish it for you.

The North River.

J. C. K., Toledo, Ohio: The main portion of New York City is on Manhattan Island. The Hudson river is on the western side of the East river, which is simply a wide strait, is on the eastern, and the two are connected by the Harlem river, which cuts Manhattan Island off from the mainland on the north. The portion of the Hudson to the west of the island is called the "North" river, because it is the river coming from the north, or by which you go north to Albany.

Miscellaneous.

A. A. B., Newville, Ind.: We have no catalogues of such books.

W. L. S., Hull, Iowa: There is no premium on the silver dollar of 1878.

R. G., Pleasantville, Ind.: The hay in a bale weighs no more after baling than it did before.

J. S., Nyack, N. Y.: We have nothing as to the history of the western forts you mention. We know of no book of the sort you mention.

C. M. H.: We answered the question a few weeks ago in this column. We do not know of any other use to which cloverseed is put other than for seeding.

G. W. I., Liverpool, Kan.: We know of no way of ascertaining whether a certain person owns land in a certain state, other than having some one ask the person the question.

J. C. M., Wesley, Pa.: "Cow-licks" are caused by the tubes in the skin of the scalp opening at differing angles, thus making the hair grow out at an angle. There is no way of remedying this.

D. E. Z., Turnback, Mo.: If you want questions answered, comply with Rule 1, and send your name. J. & P. Coats's thread is made in Scotland and in the United States. They have mills on both sides of the Atlantic.

Reader, Parma, Mich.: There is no premium on the half dollar of 1820, save the few that have the date 1820 over 1819, which are worth 75 cents. We can not give the addresses of coin collectors. See Rule 3 above.

O. L. F., Seneca Falls, N. Y.: We cannot republish the article on the divorce laws of different states, which we printed last fall. Send your full name if you want answers in this department. See Rule 1 above.

E. L. F., ——, I.—All the details of copyrighting and publishing a book were given in the BLADE of August 1. We can not republish. 2.—Articles paid for by and published in a paper belong to it, unless the author reserves the copyright.

E. R., Metomen, Wis., writes: "M. G. A can take the oil out of a coal stove by boiling it in a kettle of ashes and water, made strong of ashes, for three hours. H. S. B. can destroy large red ants by pouring boiling hot water on their burrows."

W. S., Nicodemus, Kan.: Christopher Columbus, in 1483, was probably at Lisbon, where he spent a long time in the effort to get John II, of Portugal, to fit out an expedition for discovery and exploration across the Atlantic. In 1484 Columbus left Portugal for Italy.

H. H., Jackson, O.: The only journal of the House and Senate is the *Congressional Record*. If you write to your Representative at Washington next winter after Congress meets, he will probably send you a sample copy. If you want it regularly, you will have to subscribe for it.

A. M. B., Pierceville, Ind.: 1.—Gold is sometimes found in scales and grains, nearly pure. That in quartz rock is mixed with silver and other metals. 2.—To say that "corn does not fill out well" means that the ears do not develop to full size, and the grains are not as plump as they should be.

J. B. E. C., Elizabeth City, N. C.: We advise no person to join the navy who is capable of earning his living otherwise. Promotion is impossible, and he leads a dog's life. If you wish to know the requirements, address "Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, Navy Department, Washington, D. C."

L. J., Romeo, Mich.: Nobody has preserved an account, so far as we know, of the time it took to deliver Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne. The time of Sheridan's famous opening speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings is not given, but his second speech in this case extended over four days.

M. T., Santa Maria, Cal.: The "holding up of the right hand" in the ceremony of taking a solemn oath is simply an appeal to heaven to witness the oath and to punish the person taking it if he violates it. The kissing of the Bible, which prevails in some of the older states and in England is simply swearing upon the Word of God.

Reader, San Francisco, Cal.: 1.—The Palace Hotel, San Francisco, is the largest regular hotel in this country. Whether there are any larger ones abroad we do not know. Apply at the hotel and they will tell you its cost; we do not know it. 2.—Buffalo Bill is in Paris now. 3.—Washington Territory will probably be admitted under the same name.

M. J. H. S., Cambridge, Pa.: Send your full name if you want your questions answered. See Rule 1 above. 1.—Tapioca, or arrow root, is the starch made from the manioc, or cassava, a tropical plant. 2.—The writer selected the name for its musical sound, its original employment, to trace a wounded animal to its lair by the odor of its blood. 3.—The coating on the back of mirrors is an amalgam of mercury and tin.

A. T., Greene, Iowa: 1.—"Sont Loo-ey" is the French pronunciation of the name of the city of St. Louis, which was founded by the French. 2.—The boundary line between the Dominion and the United States, west of the Great Lakes, is marked by stone monuments set up at intervals. We do not know whether this is true of our Mexican boundary or not.

J. H. C., Fulk's Run, Va.: 1.—The "philosophy of education" would be a discussion of the ends to be reached by means of education, and of the best means of reaching those ends. 2.—The only "peculiarity" about the pronoun "it" that we recall is that it does not change its form to indicate case, as do the other personal pronouns. 3.—Columbus died in poverty and neglect.

W. F. H., Reedsville, O.: 1.—The death of Sheridan is too recent for us to enter into a detailed account. 2.—Most good school textbooks on physics give the proportions in which the seven primary colors are to be placed on a round card, whose rapid rotation causes them to appear white. A toy of this sort is also sold by dealers in apparatus. 3.—We think the school laws of Ohio are published in a separate volume. Write the State Commissioner of Common Schools, Columbus, O."

THE JORDAN.

A Traveler Recounts His Impressions of the Sacred Stream.

There is probably nothing more disappointing to the tourist in Palestine than the first sight of the Jordan. This most famous of earthly streams cannot be seen until you are upon its very banks. What a disenchantment it was to find ourselves looking into a stream scarcely wider than a creek, with muddy banks, and water as muddy as that profane river, the Missouri! It is no wonder that Naaman preferred the limpid river of the north. Some of the party had brought formidable bottles with them, intending to fill them and take them back to America to serve in case of the baptism of infants yet unborn. But they were thrown away unused. We almost gave up the project of bathing, but we remembered that we had come 6,000 miles, and would probably feel often inclined to say after our return home that we had bathed in the Jordan, even if we did not do so. So after lunch we got ready, slid down the muddy bank, and then—had the most refreshing bath of a lifetime. If I had ever had rheumatism I might have felt like a former bather, who said he "imagined himself miraculously delivered of that lingering infirmity" by a bath in the Jordan.

The water was five feet deep and over. The bed of the river is covered with pebbles. The current is exceedingly swift, and we were obliged to use all our strength to keep on our feet in wading to the eastern bank and avoid being carried down stream. We could not swim across. The waters are cold and very sweet to the taste. The channel is about 110 feet wide at this point. As we stood on the soil of Moab we looked back and thought of the old hymns which use the river as an image of the line dividing the present from the future life:

"On Jordan's rugged banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye."

The Hudson, the Susquehanna, and many other streams are incomparably more useful, but no stream on earth can equal the Jordan in sacred associations. Only pity that the pure, clear water that we saw 115 miles to the north, gushing forth from the base of Mt. Hermon at Paneas, should at least have no better fate than to be lost in the Sea of Death.

The agitation for an advance in wages recently begun by some of the weavers of Fall River has not met with much encouragement in the factories, where there are great fears of the failure of a strike.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL, AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

THE LONDON STRIKE,

AND THE LEADER OF THE REVOLT.

John Burns's Great Influence Over the Hosts of the Discontented — The Means He Employs to Propagate Socialism — His Career.

John Burns, who is leading the 130,000 strikers in London, is a Socialist of the fire-brand stamp, says the New York *Sun*. From shrieking at the street corners, preaching socialism in the parks, running his head against policemen's clubs, and inciting mobs to riot and plunder, Burns has passed through prison to a seat in the new municipal body which governs the metropolis. Burns was the man who told the tramps and unemployed laborers to loot the shops in Regent street and Haymarket in the riots of 1886, and he led the attack on Trafalgar square when it was held by the police on Sunday, November 5, 1887. Burns is an uncompromising revolutionist, and if he can manage to get control of 130,000 men, and maintain any degree of discipline and organization among them, property in London will not be worth 24 hours' purchase.

John Burns is 30 years of age, and was born in Battersea, London. When he is not agitating in the streets he works as an engineer in Hall's press works in Southmark. He is a powerfully built man, with muscles of iron and a will of the same material. He is five feet ten in height, broad-shouldered, thick-set, and strong-limbed. His hair is as black as a negro's and he wears a grizzly beard and moustache. Hairs grow all over his cheeks, and stick out straight like bristles. He has a voice of tremendous power, which he has developed by bowling in the open air. No man ever addressed a crowd in London who had as powerful lungs as Burns. He is a born demagogue, and he is successful in sowing discontent and planting the germs of revolution among the ignorant masses of the London workmen.

He wields great influence among such men as the dockers, and is a most dangerous enemy to society. Crowds gather round Burns whenever he appears in Hyde Park, Battersea Common, or Clerkenwell Green. He has a stereotyped form of oratory. He prepares carefully the heads of his orations, and gets ready some ear-tickling phrases before he starts. He begins with a preliminary salutation to his "friends and fellow citizens," and continues with a series of bursts of eloquence for an hour. He uses no gestures to enforce his arguments, and requires none. His voice is deep, full, and loud, and the strength of his language sufficiently emphasizes his statements.

He makes an onslaught on capital, an attack on the rich, and points out how few the employers are compared with the army of workers whom they employ. Then he taunts the men on their condition, tells them how they are worse than chattel slaves, says they are kept down by force, and then runs in some stories about the French revolution, comparing himself to Marat or a Robespierre. He has told the dockers that one company has made a million out of their labor, and he always finishes with an appeal to force.

"Down with everything that's up, and up with everything that's down," is his motto, and by flaming the mob against their powers, minimizing the dangers to them of a social upheaval, and picturing the glories of the Socialist millennium, when capital will be abolished and every one will sit under his own vine and fig tree, manages to work up a spirit of discontent among his hearers.

His greatest triumph in the way of inciting a mob was on the occasion of the riots in February, 1886. A meeting was being held in the square for a quiet and peaceable purpose, when Burns and several of his associates, including Hyndman, Champion and Williams, turned up with their followers. Burns at once mounted the pedestal of the Nelson column, and announced an inflammatory speech. The occasion was opportune. At that time there were thousands of unemployed men in London who begged their food during the day, and slept in the seats in Trafalgar square and in the parks at night. They were a starving crowd who would have scrupled at nothing had any one led them on. Burns soon pointed out a way for them to get food. "There are plenty of bakers' shops along that street," he said, and he added, "If they don't give us bread, then, by heavens, they will get bullets." By "they" he meant "the ruling capitalist classes," and he gave them the alternative of "bread or bullets." These were the expressions that he was afterward prosecuted for using.

Having listened to these incendiary speeches the mob rushed off to put the Socialist precepts into practice. They made for Haymarket, looted the bakers' shops, rushed up Regent street, breaking windows, stealing jewelry, and helping themselves over to their hands on. There were no police to protect the stores, or to arrest the progress of the infuriated mob, and before the lethargic forces of Scotland Yard had mustered thousands of pounds' worth of property had been destroyed or carried off. The city had to pay for the loss, and Col. Henderson, who was at the head of the police, was promptly removed for incompetence. Burns, Hyndman, Champion and Williams were arraigned at the Old Bailey for inciting to riot and plunder, but as there were no witnesses who could accurately swear to what they said the jury acquitted them.

Some months after that Burns was arrested for advising the use of dynamite, but was released. His next great exploit was when he led the onslaught at Trafalgar square on November 5, 1887. Ever since the riots of February trumps have been in the habit of congregating in Trafalgar square. They were joined during the day by men who said they were out of work and couldn't get a job. During the dinner hour Burns went from an engineer's shop in Holborn and harangued these men. The daily meetings grew bigger and bigger. The inhabitants feared another reign of terror, and the police at last suppressed the meetings. The Socialists and Radicals attempted to retake the square on November 5, but the police were well organized, the Guards were called out, and the attacking force was completely repulsed. Burns, accompanied by Cunninghame Graham, a member of Parliament of Socialist proclivities, attempted to break through the lines of the police. He was arrested, and, along with Graham, was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. When he was liberated from Pentonville prison he was more of a hero than ever.

Burns is popular in his own district of Battersea, and became a candidate for the London county council. He was returned over the heads of Liberals, and now is a personage of more public importance. He works three days a week—when there are no strikes to lead—and devotes the rest of the time to the work of the council and public speaking. His constituents, who are workmen whom he has succeeded in inoculating with socialistic notions, and over whom he has obtained great influence, pay him for representing them in the council. He has now become a candidate in the district for parliament, and is certain to be returned at the first election, unless he happens to be in prison.

Burns, in fact, has obtained such an influence over the unorganized working classes in London that he can dictate his own terms to the Radicals, who are a distinct body from the Socialists. The Radical *Star* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* support him in his candidature for the county council. His election to this body, which governs 5,000,000 people and contains eminent economists like Sir Thomas Farrer, scientific men like Sir John Lubbock and Liberal peers like Lord Rosebery, has extended Burns's influence. He never loses an opportunity to sow the seeds of discontent and propagate socialism. He has caused a split in the trade unions in England with the object of breaking them up. He took part in the recent strike of street car men in London, and as soon as the first load of dock laborers came out he was among them.

These laborers are excellent material for Burns. They are the dregs of the labor world—men who have lost their occupations, or men who had never any occupations to lose. Their work consists in loading and unloading vessels by antiquated methods, now unknown outside London. They hang round the dock gates every morning waiting for jobs, and earn only a miserable pittance when they get work. They are in a hopeless state of dependency. They make periodic attempts to strike, but have never succeeded, because they are a fluctuating horde, and prefer intermittent work to steady employment. Nothing would have been heard of them outside the dockyards on the present occasion unless Burns had turned up.

He is a man whom the newspapers cannot neglect now, since he occupies a public position. Attention was drawn to the first knot of strikers who came out three weeks ago. They went about the streets begging, and obtained a little money and public sympathy. Now, since organized bodies of workmen have joined them and the strike has extended, the situation has become serious. London has to depend on foreign countries for its food, drawing its butter from Normandy, its eggs from Italy, and its vegetables from Belgium and Holland, and if vessels cannot be unloaded supplies will soon fall short. If the food supply of the strikers falls short, and they remain united and loyal to Burns, their leader, he will preach the doctrine of plunder to them.

PRESERVING FRUIT.

How Practical Housekeepers Make Us of This Art in August—The Leading Month of the Year in Putting Up Fruits and Vegetables.

Washington Star.

In preserving any kind of fruit, the best flavored and most perfect only should be selected. And it is not a good plan to attempt to handle too large a quantity at one time, as it is difficult to watch, prevent burning or boiling over. Many housekeepers, amateurs especially, disregard this important point in their desire to do as much as possible in a short time, and get rid of the heat and steam of the kitchen—and then wonder why their efforts were a failure and those of their neighbors successful. Poor Benedict has to eat them all the same, and if they make him sick, something he ate at the club, that glass of beer or the ice cream he quietly took down town, has the blame to carry.

AS TO SUGAR.

It is a good rule when preserves are not to be sealed to use one pound of sugar to every pound of fruit; if to be sealed, less sugar will answer. However, that is often determined by the acidity of the fruit. Haste is of great importance in preparing for preserving, as the natural flavor is thus more readily saved—the preserves should be allowed to boil slowly. Avoid using brass kettles; porcelain is far better. If necessary to use brass, very great care should be taken to have them scoured bright and perfectly clean. Loaf sugar is best, though granulated may be used. Canning and preserving establishments use granulated sugar altogether—hence the superiority of home-made goods.

FOR PEACH PRESERVES.

For peach preserves select good fruit carefully and preserve the seeds. Make a syrup of as many pounds of sugar as fruit, in which boil the seeds after cracking them. When clear add the peaches, cook gently for twenty minutes, then skim out the fruit and let them cool over night; next morning return to the fire and boil a few minutes. Repeat the process four mornings in succession, and put in glass jars.

Another way is to pare the peaches and add to every pound of fruit one pound and a quarter of white sugar. Put in a porcelain kettle and boil five minutes. Turn out in a large bowl, cover with a thin cloth, set in the sun and stir every day until perfectly transparent. Put in jars and cover with thick paper.

APPLES.

A delicious apple preserve may be made by making a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of apples; add a sliced lemon, put in the apples, boil until transparent and place in a jar. Boil the syrup until very thick, and pour over them.

QUINCES.

The quince makes a delightful preserve. Pare and core the fruit; boil in clear water until tender; make a syrup with a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit, and boil the quinces in it slowly for half an hour.

PEARS.

To preserve pears: Peel, cut in halves, core and weigh; allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; make syrup and add to the fruit; when done take up and place in jars; boil the syrup low and pour over and seal.

CRAB-APPLES.

Preserved crab-apples have a peculiarly piquant flavor. Put them in a kettle and keep scalding not for an hour; add a small lump of alum. Take the fruit up and skin, leaving on the stems. Add as many pounds of sugar as fruit to the water and boil to a syrup. Siberian crab-apples do not require to be peeled, but the skins should be punctured.

WATERMELONS.

Cut watermelon into fancy shapes and put in strong brine; cover with grape leaves and set away. When ready to preserve soak in fresh water. Dissolve four tablespoonfuls of alum in every gallon of water; put in the rind; simmer until green; then soak out the alum by putting the rind into cold water. Pour boiling water on half a pound of ginger and let it stand; boil and skim three pounds of mace and sugar to make a syrup; put in the rind and boil quietly; let it cool over night; then boil as before, adding a pound of cut sugar to every pound of rind; take up the rind and put in a jar; boil the syrup until very thick and pour over it. This makes a particularly nice preserve.

THE CANNING PROCESS.

There is a great difference of opinion as to which is preferable in canning fruits and vegetables—tin, glass or stone. Tin is more largely used, and most canning establishments. Whichever is used, every kitchen should be provided with a wide-mouth funnel to set in cans or jars through which to pour the material. This should be done quickly and the top adjusted at once.

TOMATOES.

In point of consumption tomatoes lead by long odds all other kinds of canned goods, the quantity used during the past five years being estimated at over 50,000,000 cans a year, which demonstrates the good judgment of American housewives in using vegetables so freely.

CORN AND PEAS.

The canned vegetable consumed next to tomatoes is corn, a special variety called sugar-corn being mostly used for that purpose. The Maryland canned corn is more in demand than any other, and the most extensive canning establishments in that state. Maine corn is said to be the finest, but the supply is unequal to the demand, and the prices are much higher.

Canned peas are coming into use more freely. At one time they appeared only occasionally, but now are used regularly in many households.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

When one is ready to begin canning, the cans should be put in a large pan of warm water, and set on the back of the stove. Prepare the syrup, add the fruit, and by the time this is done the cans will be ready for use. Fill as full as possible, and set aside where no current of air will strike them. Light injures all fruits and vegetables, especially tomatoes, and the place where canned fruit is kept should be dark, cool and dry.

Select perfect fruit; peel carefully; plunge immediately in cold water to prevent the air changing the color; lay the fruit in the can, pour boiling syrup over it, set it in hot water

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,.....Editor.

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Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 106,000.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

Since the publication of our advertisement of the Blade cook-stove, we have been inundated with letters asking additional information. The stove is a No 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one need be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it.

Quite a number have written to ask for No. 9, a size larger than the above stove. We have arranged to do this: We will give a No. 9 stove with THE BLADE one year for $16; or the stove free for 30 yearly subscribers and $30.

The No. 8 stove takes about 16-inch wood; the No. 9, 18-inch wood. No. 8 has an 18-inch oven; No. 9, a 20-inch oven. We furnish no cooking utensils nor pipe with the stove. We will supply a hot-water reservoir for either No. 8 or No. 9 for $6 *additional*. It is on the rear of the stove, directly under the shelf shown in the illustration. For $3 additional we will furnish a tin warming-closet for either sized stove.

Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight.

Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

THE methodical negligence of the late Cleveland administration in the departments at Washington is shown clearly by discoveries made in the office of the sixth auditor of the treasury for the Postoffice department. The Democratic administration left the work greatly in arrears. The arrears extend back nearly three years. The outgoing sixth auditor was very boastful of the economical reforms which he had made, and of the very great reduction in expenditure in his bureau. This charge of his was one of the stock arguments in the campaign, and the economy with which he had administered his office was referred to in terms of eulogy as compared with the previous Republican administration of the same office. The explanation of this has now been discovered. The work of the office was not done by the Cleveland administration. It was simply dumped in great piles in this condemned storehouse, and has been left there until now. One of the most serious results of this neglect of public duty on the part of the last administration is that the money order accounts are in great confusion. They have not been audited or adjusted, and it is very possible that some of the Democratic postmasters are in default to the government to very large amounts. And yet the mugwumps declare that CLEVELAND'S administration was a "business" one!

ONE of the most reckless attempts to mislead the people that has been made lately is that in an article going the rounds of the free trade papers, which purports to give the totals of mortgages in five great Western states. The figures given are as follows:

Kansas	$ 235,000,000
Indiana	635,000,000
Iowa	567,000,000
Michigan	500,000,000
Wisconsin	357,000,000
Ohio	1,127,000,000

Unfortunately for the free trade argument the above totals are not of the mortgages given on property in these states, but the total values of the farms therein, taken from the report of the last census. In other words, the article is a gigantic falsehood, concocted to bolster up the claim that the farmers are suffering untold burdens because of protection. The farmers know better, however.

A REPORTER on a St. Louis paper, determining to ascertain for himself the cause of so many desertions from the regular army, enlisted at Jefferson Barracks, near that city, and served for three months. His newspaper expose makes some very strong charges based upon his own experience. The officers, he states, are needlessly cruel and offensively tyrannical; the food furnished is unfit to eat; vermin infest the soldier's couch, and the new recruit's money is absorbed by the sutler. Furthermore, he charges that private soldiers have been murdered by non-commissioned officers without so much as an investigation. There should be an official investigation of the matter.

THE New York Liquor Dealers' association is a power in Empire state politics, and that power is used in the interest of Governor HILL and the Democratic party. It held its annual convention at Rochester last week, with several hundred delegates in attendance. All parts of the state, and nearly 500 organizations, were represented. It boasts of a membership of 15,000, all voters, and its members predict that they will add 5,000 more by the time of the meeting of the next convention. They hope soon to control the legislature of the state as they now do its governor. The Rum Power is a substantial entity in New York.

POOR old Mississippi! She turns her face persistently away from the sunlight, and tries to negative the fact that the United States constitution ignores race and color in its qualifications for citizenship. Witness the following extract from the Democratic state platform recently adopted:

> We must show the world that that race created to govern, and that has governed all other races where thrown in contact, will in Mississippi stand by the common civilization of the Union which that race has constructed and maintained, and that it will never consent to be ruled by any other race as a race manipulated by renegades. The flag of a Caucasian civilization must float triumphantly at the South and in every other section of this proud land and throughout Christendom.

A POPULAR ERROR REGARDING PROHIBITION.

The official call for the Democratic state convention in New York contains a special invitation, to participate in the selection of delegates thereto, to all who are opposed to "inequitable and oppressive sumptuary legislation." Now, sumptuary laws are defined by lexicographers and others as those "which restrain the expenditures of citizens, either in apparel, food, or otherwise." The invitation is clearly understood by everybody in New York to be an open bid for the Rum Power to unite with the Democracy—for the liquor interest to come in and dictate the platform and policy of that party in the Empire state. "Sumptuary legislation" is understood to mean, in this connection, any restrictive or prohibitory regulation of the Rum traffic.

It is singular that there should be such a wide-spread, but erroneous, assumption that the real purpose of Prohibitory or restrictive legislation is, to keep people from drinking what they desire. This error has long been prevalent in New York. HORATIO SEYMOUR, when governor of the state, took this wrong view in a message to the legislature vetoing a bill looking toward Prohibition, as will be seen from the following extract, in which he stated his objection to this and all similar measures:

> All experience shows that temperance, like other virtues, is not produced by law-makers, but by the influence of education, morality, and religion.

No Prohibitionist will disagree with the statement of Governor SEYMOUR; but it is not germane to the case in which he used it. His assumption was that the object of the Prohibitory law was to produce the virtue of temperance, to protect man from his own weakness. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, once the leader of the Democracy, not only of New York, but of the United States, once put his objection to Prohibitory legislation on the same erroneous ground. Speaking of the Democratic party, he said:

> While it is in favor of sobriety and good morals, it disowns a system of coercive legislation which can not produce them, but must create many serious evils; which violates constitutional guarantees and sound principles of legislation; invades the rightful domain of the individual judgment and conscience, and takes us a step backward toward that barbarian age when the wages of labor, the prices of commodities, and man's food and clothing, were dictated to him by a government calling itself paternal.

And that shining light of modern Democracy, Senator ROGER Q. MILLS, of Texas, in a speech last year at Corsicana, in his own state, attacked the Prohibition cause in the following words:

> But the attempt of one man or set of men, whether for the "good of society" or any other cause, to reform the moral conduct of others by outward force, has always failed in the past, and always will in the future.

Now, each and all of these distinguished Democratic authorities take the same erroneous position—that the purpose of Prohibitory legislation is to "reform moral conduct," and they object to a law which they assume to be an attempt to regulate a man's conduct because it is injurious to himself.

This is not, and never has been, the theory of Prohibition legislation; although their mistaken view is held very widely, and the objections thereto have the most general circulation. We repeat, the theory of Prohibition is not that of forcibly reforming the drinker. It does not lay its hand on the personal habits of men. It is not a sumptuary measure, in the accepted definition of that much misused term. It puts forth the arm of power against the seller, on the ground that he is doing harm to other men, and large numbers of them. It does not primarily aim at the protection of the drinker from his own act, but protection to the entire community from the act of the seller.

JOHN STUART MILL, in his "Essay on Liberty," in considering the undoubted rights which the state has over trade, says:

> Trade is a social act. Whoever undertakes to sell any description of goods to the public, does what affects the interests of other persons, and society in general; and thus his conduct, in principle, comes within the jurisdiction of society.

The question between the state and the Rum traffic is not whether the one specific act of selling interferes with the rights of others, but whether the traffic itself, considered as a whole, interferes with their rights, and with the performance of the state's duty to protect them. It will not do to say that the entire traffic is but the aggregation of individual sales, because it is more than that; it is not only the supplying of the demand of those who are now drinking men, but of stimulating that demand and of perpetuating it by affording the means of temptation and downfall to those who otherwise would in no wise come under its baleful domination.

Again, it must not be forgotten that, in allowing the Rum traffic to exist, the state is furnishing facilities for supplying the demands of drinking men, and expressly affording opportunities for the ruin of thousands of persons not yet under the domination of the Rum habit. It is one of the alleged primary tenets of the Democratic party that the duty of the state is simply the protection of its citizens from encroachments on their rights. But the masses have an undoubted right to be protected from anything that will work harm to any great number among them, if permitted. Hence the people have not only the right, under a logical interpretation of this fundamental Democratic theory, to be protected against this constant aggressive temptation of the Rum Power, but the government has no right to refuse to enact laws for this protection, simply on the ground that such laws will affect injuriously the opportunities for the gratification of a debased appetite on the part of drinking men.

JOHN B. FINCH, whose dictum will be accepted unhesitatingly by every friend of Prohibition, declares, in one of his books:

> Prohibitory liquor laws in no wise say what a man shall eat or what he shall drink. They simply aim to protect society from the pernicious influence of trade, which is a social institution. In no respect do they aim to interfere with the private liberties of the individual until those private liberties create public nuisances.

While it is true that Prohibitory laws, properly enforced, render the act of Rum drinking difficult of accomplishment, and while they remove the constant public opportunity and social incitements to drinking from the path of those not bound hand and foot by the drink habit, yet they are founded, not on the sumptuary principle, as erroneously declared by the Democratic authorities quoted above, but on the broad principle that it is not only the right but the duty of the state to prohibit a traffic that is an admitted evil to the entire body politic. But the Democratic party dare not admit the real fact, for to do so would be to aid in the movement that will eventually abolish the traffic. That party's strongest ally will have ceased to exist when success crowns the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

SPEAKING of Western train robbers, the Boston *Traveller* remarks:

> What the country needs is a man with courage to hold up a pistol and shoot, instead of holding up his hands to be robbed when bidden. A corpse on the train, of one of these scoundrels, would soon end this rule over the road.

We had no idea that Boston editors are so bloodthirsty, but if this particularly sanguinary one wants to come out West and go into the business of shooting train robbers, we will not lay a stone in his way.

IT is stated that the Democrats of North Dakota have put an excellent ticket in the field. Democrats are in the habit of nominating good men when they have no hope of electing them.

MR. LOCKE'S LETTERS.

The First Number of the Series Given This Week—The Illustrations.

In to-day's issue of THE BLADE we begin the series of German letters promised by Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE. The illustrations in this number were engraved in Hamburg, under Mr. LOCKE'S personal supervision, and are faithful transcripts of the scenes to which they refer. This series of letters, with the illustrations, will prove not only entertaining, but instructive, and will give the great family of Blade readers an accurate and interesting insight into the daily life and customs of the people of Northern Germany.

While the greater portion of Mr. LOCKE'S trip was spent in that portion of the Fatherland, he went as far south as Mannheim, and will include in the series some interesting matters concerning the cities of Hanover, Cassel (near which is Wilhelmshohe, the castle where NAPOLEON III. was detained after Sedan, and which Mr. LOCKE visited), Frankfort, and the wonderful old castle of Heidelberg. The letters will prove well worth reading.

FORAKER'S BUGLE-BLAST.

Governor FORAKER opened the Ohio campaign on the part of the Republicans in a speech at Xenia on Saturday afternoon, September 7. Like all his public utterances, it is strong, clear, logical and convincing. It will be printed in pamphlet form, and used as a campaign document—a purpose for which it is admirably fitted.

The Governor opened with a brief discussion of the national campaign last fall, the Republican triumph being attributed, and properly, to the free trade issue raised by the Democrats. Yet in spite of this knock-down blow, the Ohio Democrats adopted a platform containing a free trade plank, and an endorsement of the dead and gone Mills bill. FORAKER discussed the free trade issue for some time, and also showed up the fraud, falsehood and hypocrisy of the Ohio Democratic platform in other respects. He made a good point when he showed that for twelve years the Democrats in this state have been nominating renegade Republicans for governor—EWING, BOOKWALTER, HOADLY, POWELL and CAMPBELL. His advice to Democrats was good—that if they must vote for a Republican, they should come over and "vote for a winning Republican."

The portion of his speech of most interest to the people of Ohio was that referring to the bogus issues with which the Cincinnati gang who are in charge of the Democratic party are endeavoring to deceive the people. He showed that in the benevolent institutions of the state—the asylums for the insane, imbecile, deaf and dumb, and the blind—the average cost of maintenance per capita in twenty-five states of the Union—all from which statistics were obtainable—is $176.60 per year; in Ohio, $159.75 per year. The recoveries in these twenty-five states average 27.92 per cent; in Ohio, 49.75 per cent of the whole. The average death ratio is 27.97; in Ohio but 7.12. These statements were made in reply to an attack of CAMPBELL'S upon the governor's administration.

Regarding the state finances, Governor FORAKER'S showing, which can not be contradicted, is absolutely crushing. Compactly stated, it is this: When Governor FOSTER went out of office, he left about $300,000 surplus in the state treasury. HOADLY was governor for two years, and left an empty treasury and a deficiency of $1,700,000 for FORAKER, of which $552,000 had been drawn in advance from the county treasuries and spent, thus reducing the revenues of FORAKER'S first year by that much; and there was $982,000 unpaid bills. The new administration borrowed $500,000, and with its help has not only met all liabilities, but has also met extra expenditures as follows:

Soldiers' and Sailors' Home	$ 516,530 10
Working House for the Blind	20,100 00
Intermediate penitentiary	165,000 00
Toledo Insane Asylum	711,330 46
Total	$1,412,960 56

Not only has all this been done, but the state bonded debt has been reduced largely. Including the $500,000 the Hoadly mismanagement compelled the state to borrow, the bonded debt of Ohio on July 1, 1886, was $4,220,000. To-day it is but $2,796,000. The $1,400,000 has been paid off, and without any increase of taxes. On the contrary, the state tax rate has been reduced two-tenths of a mill, and it is now lower than it has been since 1840. The state debt has been refunded, and bonds bearing 6 and 4 per cent interest replaced by others bearing only 3 per cent—and the latter sold at a premium that makes the actual rate of interest but 2⅓ per cent per annum. The financial record of the Foraker administration is unparalleled for economy and wise business management.

The governor paid his respects to the Payne purchase of the senatorship, and then showed up in detail the frauds on the ballot-box in Cincinnati and Columbus, which led to their prevention by the adoption of a registration law and the creation of a Police board for Cincinnati, which gave that city an efficient police force. FORAKER held all the facts up to the light, showed the necessity, in the interest of good government, of what had been done; that no honest man suffered, but that rascality and fraud alone were estopped.

In point of fact, our Democratic friends are very badly off for campaign ammunition this year. They dare not fight on the tariff issue, and there is no state issue that affords them a handle. The "home rule in cities" cry is so thin as to be laughable. The state finances can not be made an issue except to the injury of the Democrats. All they have left is to bellow "Down with Forakerism!" But as Forakerism means

> Economical government,
> Honest elections,
> Lower taxation,

and the consequent peace and prosperity of the people of the state, it is hardly likely that the latter will vote to put in charge of the state the same gang that made Cincinnati the most notoriously ill-governed city in the United States—for the men who nominated CAMPBELL, and who are directing his campaign, are precisely those fellows. As between "Forakerism" and fraud, forgery and extravagance, give us Forakerism every time!

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to end us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

A SELECT coterie of pessimistic newspapers are asking "why have we no more statesmen like LINCOLN, SUMNER, WEBSTER and CLAY?" The best reason is, we have no especial use for them just now; when they are wanted they will be found. You might as well ask the Fiji islanders why they have no locomotive engineers.

THE Cherokee commission has just discovered that the Indian legislature some years ago passed a bill, which was opposed by the ruling chief, providing for a future sale of the Cherokee lands west of the Arkansas river. Under this act, the Cherokee strip may now be sold.

THE GREAT LONDON STRIKE.

The great strike in London now involves something like 15,000 workingmen; and if the call of the strikers to workmen in other lines is obeyed, the strike will reach proportions as yet undreamed of. It is, at present, probably the greatest one that has occurred in the history of the struggle between employer and employed on the wage question.

The "docks" of London (and of Liverpool) are peculiar. The vessels, instead of lying directly alongside piers and wharves, sail into docks, which are artificial basins, with gates for shutting out the tide, thus keeping the vessel at the same level all the time. Here they lie, until they discharge one cargo and receive a new one. These docks are owned by private companies, which provide all the facilities for loading and unloading, and hire the "dock laborers," among whom the strike began, to do the work. The ship-owners pay for the use of the docks, and for the loading and unloading, and this is the source of revenue of the dock owners. These dock laborers are the same as 'longshoremen or stevedores in America's maritime, lake and river cities.

These dock laborers have been receiving four pence—eight cents—per hour for regular work and five pence—ten cents—per hour for casual employment. It seems that the dock companies employ a number of men regularly for general work about the docks, but the loading and unloading of vessels is performed by laborers who work by the hour. Their labor is by no means regular, nor does it appear that they have the opportunity to work the full number of hours each day. The arrival of vessels is necessarily irregular; when several are loading or unloading simultaneously every man is pressed into service; when the number is fewer, part of the men are idle.

The toil is severe, and if a man puts in his full ten hours daily, he gets either eighty cents or one dollar for his day's labor. The demand of the strikers is for an advance of a penny—two cents—per hour, or twenty cents more per day, raising the wages to one dollar a day for regulars, and $1 20 for casuals. Compare the London rate of wages—$4.80 to $6 per week—with the $24 per week paid in New York city to 'longshoremen for similar work, and you have brought before you sharply the difference in the wage-scales of the two countries.

Whatever may be said by the free traders in this country to gloss over their slavish adhesion to the British economic doctrine, the fact remains that starvation wages in England form a terrible commentary on the policy of cheapness in production in order to undersell all competitors, which reaches its end by forcing labor to accept inadequate wages.

A LAY SERMON.

There are a great many people, especially among those who have passed the heyday of youth, upon whom the burden of life seems to press heavily. Their faces are saddened, the light has gone from the eye and the smile from the lips, and there is an air of weariness which is often pitiful to see. Moreover it is not ill-health, nor business reverses, nor any recent calamity, as a rule, which has made life a burden. The feeling is one of "vague and nebulous weariness," as one writer puts it, resulting from vain longing. If the numerous class named could or would banish their regrets, they would be far happier. It is the wish that they had done some one thing, or that they had not done some other thing, or that life's conditions were different in certain respects, ever present in the mind and nursed to the point of morbidness, that makes existence a burden and stamps upon face and person that kill-joy expression, that hopeless air, which renders them about as lively companions, in the home or in business relations, as an Egyptian mummy would be.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S cheery nature was the result, to a great extent, of resistance to corroding, useless regrets over the past. His common sense revolted at the domination of this undermining emotion, and he warned his hearers against it, asserting that remorse, which is only a deeper form of regret, "has done far more harm than hardihood." And RALPH WALDO EMERSON formulated the dicta of cheerfulness and common sense in the advice he gave in one of his letters to his daughter, when she was away at school, which is as follows:

> Finish every day, and be done with it. For manners and for wise living, it is advice to remember. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day for all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

This is the glorious gospel of finality, the philosophy of accomplishment. What though we have fallen into error and wrong-doing, carried thither by the impulse of emotion or passion? What though our lines are irrevocably cast in places we deem not the most pleasant? What is done is done, and can not be undone, though we should weep the cycles of eternity away in our remorse and vain regrets. The true doctrine is well sung by LONGFELLOW in his "Ladder of St. Augustine:"

> Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
> That of our vices we can frame
> A ladder, if we will but tread
> Beneath our feet each deed of shame!
>
> All common things, each day's events,
> That with the hour begin and end,
> Our pleasures and our discontents
> Are rounds by which we may ascend.
>
> The low desire, the base design,
> That makes another's virtues less;
> The revel of the ruddy wine,
> And all occasions of excess;
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
> That have their root in thoughts of ill;
> Whatever hinders or impedes
> The action of the nobler will;
>
> All these must first be trampled down
> Beneath our feet, if we would gain
> In the bright fields of fair renown
> The right of eminent domain.
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> Standing on what too long we bore
> With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
> We may discern—unseen before—
> A path to higher destinies.
>
> Nor deem the irrevocable Past
> As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
> If, rising on its wrecks, at last
> To something nobler we attain.

The energies of the soul are paralyzed by the habit of regret for things we should have left undone, for opportunities unimproved to do those things we should have done. The first step to the happiness that lies in higher, nobler achievements is the getting rid of the dead weight of useless regret and remorse. It is a fatal weakness to bar our progress and to blast our lives by vain longings directed to the past. ST. PAUL'S example is a good one to follow "But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forward to those things which are before." Forget the past, and turn your face toward the morning of the new and better day!

IN view of the fact that the fashion of "dropping a nickel in the slot" has become so prevalent, the man who will invent a machine with mechanism so delicate and adjustment so fine that a person can by "dropping a cent in the slot" extract therefrom a postal card, will confer a priceless boon upon his fellow-men. The card cases could be placed at convenient points about the city—on the letter boxes, for instance—and not only would the labor of the postal clerks be lightened, but great accommodation to the general public result.

THE PETROLEUM SUPPLY.

It is a matter of interest to those concerned in petroleum production in this country to learn that the great Baku field in Russia, on the shores of the Caspian sea, is showing signs of exhaustion. The oil is used as fuel by nearly all the railway companies in Russia, by the steamers on the Caspian and Black seas and the rivers running into them. Of late the supply has been diminishing, and the price advancing correspondingly. The government sent an inspecting party, which reported that explorations should be made to find new fields, as the supply from Baku will eventually cease altogether.

The British vice-consul at Batoum has also communicated the fact to his government of the gradual falling off of the product in Baku, with an advance, in consequence, of 25 per cent in the price of refined oil, and of 100 per cent on crude. The demand, he says, is greater than the supply; the consumption will be 3,285,800 tons for the current year, while the product will be only 1,612,900 tons. He also states that rumors are current that the Russian government is discussing the propriety of putting an export duty on the oil, which is now free, to diminish the exportation. This oil has driven the American product out of Russia, and is largely used in Germany, Austria, England and other European countries. If the news of the failure of the wells is confirmed, the result of this on our own petroleum business will be very considerable.

But are we any better off than Russia? If her supply fails, is ours to be perennial? The figures indicate that it will not be. Prof. JOHN F. CARLL, assistant geologist of the oil and gas regions for the Pennsylvania Geological survey, has just published some statistics which are somewhat disquieting to producers in that state. They show a significant falling off in the production of the different fields there. Here is a tabulated statement covering thirteen years:

Year.	Production.	Year.	Production.
1876	2,968,900	1883	24,226,165
1877	13,135,671	1884	23,333,344
1878	15,163,462	1885	20,891,992
1879	19,741,661	1886	25,080,460
1880	26,927,631	1887	21,286,500
1881	27,376,509	1888	16,126,580
1882	30,467,000		

The following table gives the number of producing and of dry oil wells in Pennsylvania for the past ten years, and shows that the non-productive wells are increasing in number:

Year.	Producing.	Dry.
1879	2,657	141
1880	4,060	143
1881	3,681	167
1882	3,085	178
1883	2,686	263
1884	1,939	256
1885	2,331	350
1886	2,941	584
1887	1,268	426
1888	1,145	385

The conclusion is inevitable that the oil supply, great as it is, is simply a storage, capable of exhaustion, and not the result of geological and chemical processes still in active operation in the bowels of the earth. Baku is nearing the inevitable end, Pennsylvania is traveling the same road, and the Ohio and other fields are doomed to see the time when the treasure locked in the rocks will all be poured out and the reservoirs be forever empty. What is true of oil is inevitably true of natural gas, for there is no doubt of the common origin of both it and oil.

NO MORE BLADE SEWING MACHINES.

We have decided not to offer a sewing machine in connection with THE BLADE any longer this season. We are offering a number of new articles, to be sold with the paper, for announcements of which see the first page of last week's issue, and the fifth page of to-day's BLADE. One offer is on fine toilet and table ware; the other, THE BLADE cook-stove. Our space is limited, and we have thought best to withdraw the sewing machine offer for this year. We may or may not renew it next year; circumstances must determine. Meanwhile we want you to read carefully our offers on these new articles; you will find that they are the most liberal we have ever made, and that the useful articles we offer are cheaper than you can buy elsewhere, besides including THE WEEKLY BLADE. Read the offer, by all means.

MILITARY SMALL ARMS.

In the current number of *Scribner's* W. W. KIMBALL, U. S. N., has gone into an extensive review of the small arms of European armies. He arrives at the conclusion that the average magazine gun is a failure, but speaks, somewhat despondingly, of the guns in use by the United States government. So far as modern invention has gone, there is no doubt but that the American arm, the Springfield rifle, is the best that has so far been devised. A magazine gun will never be a success in a battle. A single fire gun is capable of being used as rapidly as is necessary under any circumstances, except close quarters, and then a Gatling gun will eclipse any small arm that a company can carry. A soldier handling a magazine gun would never know half the time whether his magazine was empty or full, and whether he was shooting bullets or simply pounding empty shells. The loading of a single fire gun steadies the men, and after the momentary pause for loading, they are more apt to shoot straight than if they were simply pulling the lever of a magazine gun. The objection to the Springfield rifle, that it is of too large a bore is well taken, but this has been partially obviated in the guns now being manufactured, and it is doubtful if a smaller caliber could be made that would not clog and lead in rapid firing, no matter how much the bullets might be hardened. In short the Springfield rifle is by no means a perfect gun, but it is doubtful if, with all their experiments, the European nations have as serviceable an arm. One thing is certain, the United States has not got enough of them.

ANOTHER important commercial enterprise projected is that of a ship railway across the Nova Scotian isthmus, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Bay of Fundy. It is projected by Canadians, who are now in England endeavoring and expecting to raise $5,000,000, at which they compute the cost of the work. The value of the canal will be very great to the American and Canadian shipping engaged in the fisheries, since it will save a 700-mile sail around Nova Scotia. Ships will be carried across the isthmus on the railway at the rate of ten miles an hour. The ship railway idea is that of the late Capt. EADS, of course. It will be interesting to have the plan tested.

DR. TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, says: "Every newspaper reporter in New York is my personal friend. I have been betrayed by about every class of men in the world, but never by a newspaper man, and I believe there is a spirit of fairness abroad in the newspapers that is hardly to be found anywhere else."

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from McLeansboro, Ill., closes his letter with the following kindly remark:

> I will close by recommending the BLADE to one and all. I can truly say that it did more good here last campaign for the cause of the Republican party than any other paper published.

EVERYTHING goes at a horse race—especially money

IN THE MATTER OF PENSIONS.

The recent national encampment at Milwaukee of the Grand Army of the Republic reaffirmed the stand taken by its predecessor at Columbus in 1888 upon pension matters; and the dependent pension bill, framed by its committee, will be again urged upon Congress at the session of the coming winter. This bill proposes a pension of $12 per month to all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who are now disabled so as to be incapacitated for work; pensions for all dependent parents of soldiers from the time of actual dependence; increase of the pensions of minor children from $2 to $5 per month; and pensions to all widows of soldiers and sailors.

The enemies of this bill advance two great objections to it. The first is that it does not require that the disability of the soldier or sailor shall have been contracted while in the service. The second is that the amount paid for pensions is already very large—"nearly one-third of the total annual expenditure of the government," as one paper puts it—and that the eighty millions now paid out yearly, would possibly need to be doubled to meet the requirements of this measure, should it be enacted into law.

As to the first point, it is a fact, known to every one acquainted with that wonderful vital machine, the human body, and especially to physicians who have had old soldiers for patients, that though tens of thousands of them came out of the civil war in apparently robust health, the hardships of those years of campaigning had put an indelible impress upon their constitutions. The privations and cares of army life, and, more than all, the intense strain upon the nervous system, left them with permanently lowered vitality, and an easy prey to disease.

A quarter of a century has passed since they returned to the pursuits of peace. They have passed the summit of life's hill in that time, and are now on the descending slope. The decrease in vital strength, the undermining of the constitution by hardships undergone, are now showing their results upon these aging veterans. They are "breaking down" years earlier than they would had it not been for the noble part they bore during the dark years of the civil war. Hence there is justice and right in not limiting the operation of this pension bill to disabilities actually incurred while in the army. The span of active life, in which these veterans were competent for hard work in any line, was shortened by their service, and the nation they served so well should see to it that they receive a return therefor, even if it be but the pittance provided for by this measure.

As to the second point, we submit that it is not well taken. The nation owes its disabled veterans a debt so great that its value can not be expressed in dollars and cents. We have taken care of the men who furnished the money to carry on the war. They have been paid heavy interest, and the principal is being rapidly liquidated. A score of years should wipe out the last vestige of the bonded debt incurred to suppress armed treason and preserve the integrity of the Union. The debt to the men who did the fighting is no less a sacred obligation than that to those who furnished financial aid, and the American who talks of its repudiation lacks true patriotism.

THE HAYTIAN SITUATION.

The civil war in Hayti has been settled, at least for a time, by the flight of LEGITIME and the elevation of HYPPOLITE, his rival, to the provisional Presidency. How long the present status will be maintained is difficult to determine. The chances are in favor of another uprising in a few months or years, as the case may be. Since the island of Hayti asserted its independence in 1822, which was acknowledged by France in 1825, there have been nearly a dozen revolutions, and a continual series of minor disorders.

SOULOUQUE, who drove out BOYER in 1842, and assumed the presidency, afterward made himself Emperor, under the title of FAUSTIN I, and maintained himself until 1858, when a successful revolution deposed him. He was expelled, the republic restored, and GIFFRARD was elected President. In 1867 a revolution compelled him to fly, and SALNAVE succeeded him. SALOMON was elected President in 1879, and re-elected in 1883; but his rule was severe and some of his measures were unpopular, the northern town of Cape Haytien forming the center of the opposition to him. In 1888 two of his generals conspired against him, but were unsuccessful and were banished. In August, 1888, Gen. TELEMAQUE of Cape Haytien rebelled and marched on Port au Prince, but President SALOMON escaped, going to New York and finally to France, where he died aged over 40 years.

At this juncture, LEGITIME returned to Hayti from Jamaica, and not long after TELEMAQUE was shot while quelling a disturbance between his troops and the townsfolk, whether accidentally or purposely is not known. The people of the North held that their general had been assassinated at the instance of LEGITIME, while the people of the South backed the latter for the presidency. At an irregular session of the council he was chosen president, but the North formed a "provisional government" under Provisional President HIPPOLYTE. Fighting began at once, HIPPOLYTE moving south without serious opposition. In the latter part of November last the ports were bombarded, and the notable seizure of the steamer Haytian Republic was made by LEGITIME, and she was taken to Port au Prince and confiscated, to be given up on the arrival of the United States men-of-war Yantic and Galena.

From this on, the war has not been exciting, the forces of the North gradually closing in upon Port au Prince. After the capture of an outlying fortification, Arcahial, the ultimate capture of the city was only a matter of time, and LEGITIME finally concluded to make terms by which he could get away with what funds he could manage to get into his hands. For several months past he has been drawing pay at the rate of $1 per day for 1,500 more men than his army contained, so that he starts on a second exile well provided for as regards funds. Inasmuch as the Haytian Republic affair had prejudiced the Southerners against the United States, and the North was, it is believed, given financial aid and abettance by several New York business houses, the result of the war will not be regarded as prejudicial to the interests of America, but rather to the contrary. An election will be held immediately, and there is no doubt that HIPPOLYTE will be chosen president, and the black republic will have another chance to show its ability to govern itself.

THE Democratic collector of internal revenue at Atlanta, who poured anathemas upon the Republican party because he was turned out of office, shows the same spirit which has marked the mugwump newspapers and the regular Democratic organs since the new administration was inaugurated. He thinks it an outrage that he should be turned out for a Republican; and yet, when Mr. CLEVELAND came into power, he considered it eminently proper that the Republican should be turned out to make room for him, a Democrat.

THE United States Circuit court has decided that there is no punishment for counterfeiting union cigar labels. If this decision is sustained, and it probably will be, as it is in line with other decisions, the cigar unions will have to adopt some other method of identifying union made goods.

THOS. W. KNOX.

A Portrait and Sketch of the Noted Traveler and Author.

We present to-day a brief sketch of the life of Col. THOS. W. KNOX, accompanied by a portrait, and we think our readers will find it well worthy their perusal. We are making arrangements with Col. KNOX to furnish to THE BLADE a continued story, to begin some time toward the close of the year, and hope that the brief sketches from his pen we have already given, with the account of his life and works printed to-day, will serve as an introduction between him and our readers that will prove pleasurable and profitable to both. We shall make further announcement of Col. KNOX'S story within a few weeks, after the arrangements now pending are completed.

DID THE PUBLIC DEBT INCREASE DURING AUGUST?

The New York *Evening Post*, mugwump, has set the tune going that the public debt was increased to the amount of $6,076,692 during the month of August, and the Democratic sheets all over the country are turning the crank and ringing the changes thereon. The statement of the *Post* is not true; and if it were true, there would be nothing strange in it, for a temporary increase in the gross total of the government's obligations has been of frequent occurrence. But this does not mean that there has been an actual, real increase in the public debt. For instance, at the end of each quarter, something like twenty million dollars of the pension appropriation becomes due, and hence becomes a liability. We quote this simply as an instance to show how these apparent increases occur.

As a matter of solid, real fact, there not only was no increase in the public debt during the month of August, but on the contrary there was a decrease. For the benefit of those who do not clearly understand the complexities of the monthly treasury statement, we will endeavor to give a brief explanation. The liabilities of the government consist of the bonded or interest-bearing debt, and the indebtedness bearing no interest. The interest-bearing debt on August 1 and September 1 is itemized below:

	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.
Bonds at 4½ per cent	$135,044,950	$131,695,600
Bonds at 4 per cent	676,081,100	663,141,000
Refunded certificates	118,740	118,190
Navy fund	14,000,000	14,000,000
Pacific railroad bonds	64,623,512	64,623,512
Interest	9,677,069	8,175,061
Debt on which interest has ceased	1,904,255	1,900,505
Totals	$897,449,626	$883,653,868

A comparison of the items on the two dates shows that during August there were cancelled, by purchase and retirement, $3,349,350 of the 4½s and $12,940,100 of the 4s; there was an increase in the interest due of over two millions, and a couple of minor changes, a comparison of the totals showing a decrease of $13,795,758 in the total of the interest-bearing debt.

Now for the non-interest-bearing indebtedness. This is made up of legal tender notes (greenbacks), gold certificates, silver certificates, certificates of deposit and fractional currency. This should hardly be called a part of the real debt, because the government holds the cash for the purposes of redemption, on all except the greenbacks, for which there is a reserve fund of $100,000,000 against the $345,737,458 50 of notes issued and in circulation, if not lost or destroyed. On August 1 this non-interest-bearing debt was $749,327,682; on September 1 it was $762,172,293—the increase being due entirely to the issue of new gold and silver certificates, the coin for which lies in the vaults ready to be paid out for them on demand. Putting the two statements together, the following comparison results:

	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.
Interest-bearing	$ 897,449,626	$ 883,653,868
Non-interest-bearing	749,327,682	762,172,293
Total	$1,646,777,308	$1,645,826,161

Hence it will be seen that the actual debt of the United States was nearly a million dollars less September 1 than on August 1—and hence that the debt was decreased that much during August, instead of increasing some six millions and over.

The *Post's* statement is misleading in this: It claims that the *debt* increased during August, which it has not done; and the sheets of Democratic proclivities have followed it in the statement, either through sheer ignorance, or through deliberate intent to deceive the people.

The item which does show an increase for the month of August is not the "public debt of the United States," but the "debt less cash in the treasury," which item was larger on September 1 than on August 1. But this increase is due to two things—that a large amount of the surplus was used in buying bonds for retirement, as shown in the statement above on the

IN OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

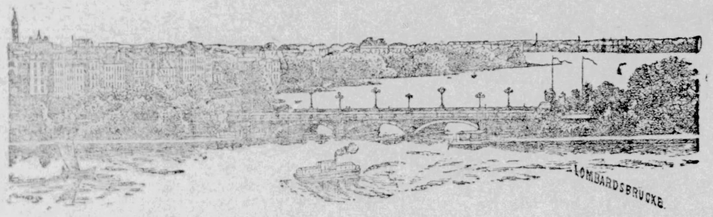
Experiences During a Nine Weeks' Vacation in Northern Germany.

BY ROBINSON LOCKE.

I.

SO MUCH has been written about Europe by so many professional travelers that it seems as though the subject had been done to death long ago. From the time of Bayard Taylor, books of European travel have been as plentiful as the leaves on the trees. Every city in Europe has been described more or less thoroughly, and magazines and newspapers have been and are now being flooded with learned dissertations upon the social, economical and political status of cities, countries and governments, so that the average American knows almost as much about Europe as he does about his own country.

Knowing this to be the case, the question might naturally arise, "Why are you, then, undertaking to write European letters?" The answer is plain and simple. I do not intend to write European letters.



I only want to tell the readers of THE BLADE, in a plain, practical way, some of the pleasant experiences of a two months' vacation in Germany. And I promise at the outset not to discuss men and measures, nor to attempt the solution of any of the many problems that are exercising the minds of the people over there. We spent nine weeks very pleasantly and profitably among the hospitable people of northern and middle Germany, and these sketches will be devoted to relating experiences which, it is to be hoped, will prove of some interest to the many members of the Blade family.

It is always customary in letters from Europe to attempt a description of the voyage across the Atlantic. The enthusiastic writer always talks about the great ship being "a little world of itself," and then goes on and tries to depict the daily life, scenes and incidents of the trip across

A HAMBURG TYPE.

the ocean. If I may be excused I'd rather not say much about those eight days, when sea sickness reigned supreme and exacted tribute from all the passengers of high and low degree. But one thing there is to be said: That is to give a word of praise to Capt. Heilmers, the commodore of the North German Lloyd Atlantic fleet, and captain of the steamship Lahn, on which we crossed. He is every inch a sailor. Bold, courageous and fearless, he is conservative to a degree. He is affable to, but not familiar with, his passengers, and his kindly word has cheered many a seasick friend and made the voyage brighter and pleasanter. He is a rigid disciplinarian, proud of his good ship Lahn, and proud of a record of 35 years of sea faring life.

The voyage over was uneventful, and after a good run of eight days we landed at Bremerhaven, a large town that owes its existence, almost, certainly its prosperity, to the North German Lloyd, probably the most successful steamship company in the world. The Lloyd was started by some enterprising citizens of Bremen for the purpose of increasing the trade and commerce of that ancient city, and from the very start has been phenomenally successful, its lines extending now all over the world. Bremerhaven is two hours' ride by rail from Bremen, of which it is really the entry port. Formerly it was a free port, but a year ago it came under the provisions of the tax law and now all goods are examined for import duties in a manner very similar to that in the custom house in New York.

The terrors of the custom house examiners are not fully realized in landing from a ship from New York. The search is made chiefly for cigars and liquors, and even then a bit of skillful packing enables one to take in a couple or so of boxes of his favorite cigars. Customs officers, abroad and at home, have fallen into a habit that allows many an article to pass that should properly pay duty. When the trunk is unlocked they poke their hands down one of the corners. Finding nothing, they explore the other three corners, and then are satisfied that the trunk contains nothing that is dutiable. If they would only let the corners alone and go through the middle of the the trunk, the result might be entirely different. This was the case in Bremerhaven, where the examination seemed to be a mere matter of form.

Having the little yellow stamp on all the baggage, to testify that it had been examined, the Lahn's passengers were snugly stowed away in a special train, provided by the steamship company, and were soon whirling away to Bremen, whence they scattered all over the continent.

The ride from Bremerhaven to Bremen is two hours long, through a flat, barren and totally uninteresting country.

Bremen, founded in 788 by Charlemagne, is an extremely interesting old town, and will receive the attention its importance deserves in subsequent letters. Our first real stopping place was Hamburg, than which there are few cities in Europe that present so many and so varied attractions. Paris, so called "the beautiful," has its Champs Elysees; its Bois de Boulogne; its beautifully bridged Seine; its wonderful Louvre; its historical Palais Royale; its gay boulevards. London has Westminster Abbey, with its chapels teeming with statues and busts of old time heroes; it has its British museum, the most wonderful of its kind in the world; its Tower, interesting chiefly on account of its associations with the dark and bloody period of England's history; its parks and monuments; Regent street, with its fascinating stores, and Piccadilly, with its hordes of dissolute women.

Vienna has its famous Ring strasse, a noble, tree-lined thoroughfare, built solidly on both sides with stately edifices of the most modern style of architecture, one of the most interesting streets in Europe; then there is the Prater, that famous drive where on a pleasant evening the wealth and fashion of Vienna may be seen bowling along the hard, smooth roads in elegant equipage; it has its famous cathedral, art galleries, museums and theaters, and gorgeous concert halls, where music of every kind entertains the thousands.

Brussels is a miniature Paris; Berlin is grand, gloomy and peculiar; Dresden the proud mistress of the art world; Munich famous for its pictures and its beer; Buda Pesth with its citadel crowned hills; Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples! What a vision of decayed grandeur, centuries of pride, arrogance, wealth, gradual decline, poverty and misery the mere mention of these four cities brings forth!

Now come to Hamburg. Here shall you see streets so crooked that unless you give close heed you go in a circle and in five minutes' walk find yourself on the spot whence you started.

Here are the strangest, queerest combinations of thoroughfares; as for instance, when you stand at a certain point and see around you seven different streets radiating in as many different directions, like the spokes of a great wheel of which you are the hub.

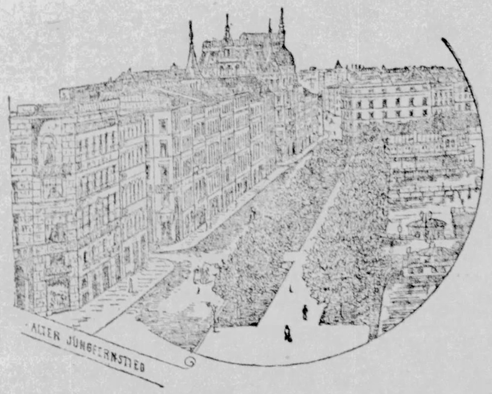
And these same streets are interesting even to fascination. The great fire which raged with almost uncontrollable fury from the 5th to the 8th of May, 1842, with that inexplicable perversity often shown by great conflagrations, spared many an old time built way back in the time when Hamburg was so prominent a member of the Hanseatic League. Side by side these old timers stand to-day with houses full of plate glass and all the improvements of modern architecture.

As one traverses the solidly built streets, and views with astonishment the enormous warehouses, the great banking and commercial offices; as one spends a day along the docks and wharves where are seen vessels of largest tonnage from every port in the world, one can easily understand the pride with which the Hamburgers boast that their city has always prospered from the time that Charlemagne built a castle there and sent St. Ausgarius to propagate Christianity.

But Hamburg's lot has not been altogether a happy one. She has had many difficulties to contend with, especially during the earlier part of her history when she suffered from the incursions of the Danes. Then during the troublous times preceding and during the continuance of the Hanseatic League, Hamburg had an important part to play. During the French invasion the city was annexed to the French Empire, and suffered untold losses commercially and financially. The great fire referred to above, destroyed nearly a quarter of the city. But in spite of all these misfortunes, German pluck, energy and persistence conquered all, and to-day Hamburg stands forth one of the most important of the commercial cities of Europe.

Not only in a commercial sense is Hamburg wonderfully interesting. To attempt a description of her streets, buildings, public and private parks, museums, art galleries, concert halls and the thousand and one places of amusement that make Hamburg one of the gayest cities in Europe would be but a guide book sort of a narrative that would weary both reader and writer. In the letters that will follow this some of the most interesting features in and about Hamburg, features that are not generally deemed worthy of mention by guide-books and writers of travels, will be taken up and described in as clear and comprehensive a manner as possible, with a view of giving THE BLADE readers a faint idea, at least, of the many things that make Hamburg so attractive to one who cares more for people and things as he sees them in every-day life, than he does for the shadowy recollections of a dim and unsatisfying past.

Where there is so much to delight the senses it is difficult to decide what to speak of first. Left to a Hamburger he would settle the question without a moment's hesitation, in favor of the Alster Basin, the pride of every citizen of Ham



burg. The harbor, with its thousands of vessels and its enormous hoisting crane capable of lifting 150,000 kilograms; the quaint streets with their still quainter buildings; the markets with their peddlers from all over the surrounding country; the beautiful parks, yea, even the pet exposition must all give way in favor of this wonderful Alster Basin.

Here is a city of over eight hundred thousand population. In the very heart of it, almost in the exact center, there is a great quadrilateral basin of running water. It is an artificial enlargement of the little river Alster, and connects the Alster and the great river Elbe by means of numerous canals. These canals wind and twist about the city, necessitating innumerable bridges, and recalling to mind the famous canals of Venice. The Alster lake—for, properly speaking, the outer and inner basins really constitute a lake—is surrounded by beautiful thoroughfares. On one side is the Alsterdamm, a wide street lined with grand old trees and flanked for a whole square by great hotels, the favorite resorts of travelers. The next block further down, on the same street, is given over to lovely gardens, back of offices and residences fronting on Ferdinand street, the next street parallel with the Alsterdamm.

Another side of the basin, and the most important, is the Alter, or old, Jungfernstieg, a street whose three blocks are filled with hotels and fine stores. The accompanying cut, "Alter Jungfernstieg," which was made in Hamburg for these letters, gives a good idea of this famous street, lacking, of course, the life and animation given it by the rattling cabs and cumbersome omnibuses, and its hosts of people in costumes as varied as the people themselves. The two small pavilions on the right are the offices of the little passenger steamers that ply the lake. The larger building further along, on the same side, is a restaurant and cafe, which is always full of people, especially at night, when the promenade, crowded with people, the fairylike lights reflected on the dark waters of the lake, the bustle and noise of a great city, all combine to make the scene so fascinating that it is never tiresome.

There is a wide promenade, lined with trees, all the way around the basin, the third being the new Jungfernstieg. Connecting the Alsterdamm and the new Jungfernstieg is a beautiful three-arched bridge, a picture of which is herewith given. This Lombard's bridge, as it is called, is wide enough for a street railway, a wagon road, and two roads for foot passengers. Standing on the Lombard bridge, one has a beautiful view. In front is the inner basin with its splendidly built buildings forming an imposing background. On one side is the Alsterdamm and on the other the greensward rolling back from the water's edge to the Esplanade, with its fine new buildings.

Facing about, there lies before you the Aussen Aister, a great lake, whose shores are lined with drive-ways and promenades, shaded by fine old trees. Pretty passenger steamers ply from point to point, and add life and animation to the beautiful scene, one of the interesting features of which is furnished by the long, low freight barges that are poled along leisurely by men in garb as quaint as it is picturesque.

The drive around the Alster is a beautiful one, either by day or by night. In the early evening, just after the gas lamps, single and in great clusters, have been lighted, it is particularly enjoyable. If the evening be fine, the little steamers will be crowded with people going to some concert garden pleasantly situated on the shores of the outer basin. The rowing clubs will be seen skimming along the water in their light shells, or making a jolly boating party of eight and ten oared barges. And white-winged yachts speed merrily along, their sailors singing some lusty college song which frightens away the graceful swans sailing majestically to their commodious houses, anchored at several points in the basin.

As the carriage rolls rapidly over the smooth pavement the lights increase in size and number, until at last, as darkness settles over the scene, they glisten and twinkle in the night air, and, as though by a fairy's wand, the whole lake is outlined with tiny jets of flame.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXIII.

STONE RIVER.

Among the pines that overlooked
Stone River's rocky bed,
Ohio knows full many a son
That's numbered with the dead.

'Tis hard to die 'mid scenes of strife,
No friends nor kindred near
To wipe the Death damp from his brow,
Or shed affection's tear.

That when all along our lines
Rained showers of shot and shell,
Thus many a brave young soldier died.
Thus many a hero fell.

'Twas by the ford we crossed that day
The ground so dearly bought,
Where Miller led his stalwart men,
And the gallant Moody fought.

When night closed o'er the bloody scene,
Returning o'er the ground
I heard the piteous moan of one,
Laid low by a mortal wound.

The wounded soldier's cheek was wan,
And beamless was his eye;
I knew before another morn
The wounded man must die.

I built a fire of cedar rails;
The air was cold and damp,
And filled his canteen from the spring
Below the river bank.

And then I sat me down to ask
If he should like to send,
A last request or parting word
To mother, sister, friend.

"I have a word," the boy replied,
"My friends would like to hear;
'Twould fill my mother's heart with joy,
My sister's heart 'twould cheer.

"Tell them I died a soldier's death,
Upon the battlefield,
But lived to know the day was won,
And see the rebels yield.

"Tell sister I have read with care—
The words of holy cheer—
The Bible mother gave to me
Before I volunteered.

"I'm very tired of talking now;
Please lift my head some higher,
And fold my blanket closely round,
And build a larger fire.

"The air is very cold to-night!"
I raised his head with care,
He closed his eyes as if in sleep,
But clasped his hands in prayer.

And thus he died that stormy night,
No friends or kindred near,
To wipe the death-damp from his brow,
Or shed affection's tear.

JOHNNY, FILL UP THE BOWL!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-one, ho-ho, ho-ho!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-one, ho-ho, says I!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-one
This cruel war it was begun;
We'll all drink stone-blind—Johnny, fill up the bowl!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two, ho-ho, oh-ho!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-two, ho-ho, says I!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-two
The rebels fought and the Yankees flew!
We'll all drink stone-blind—Johnny fill up the bowl!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-three, oh-ho ho-ho!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-three, oh-ho, says I!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-three
Old Abe, he set the negroes free!
We'll all drink stone-blind,—Johnny, fill up the bowl!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-four, ho-ho, ho-ho!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-four, ho-ho, says I!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-four
We'll re-enlist for three years more!
We'll all drink stone-blind,—Johnny, fill up the bowl!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-five, ho-ho, ho-ho!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-five, ho-ho, says I!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-five
We'll all go home if we're alive!
We'll all drink stone-blind—Johnny, fill up the bowl!

If we have to stay 'till sixty-six, ho-ho, ho-ho!
If we have to stay 'till sixty-six, ho-ho, says I!
If we have to stay 'till sixty-six,
We'll all go home in a pretty fix!
We'll all drink stone-blind.—Johnny, fill up the bowl!

THE LITTLE OCTOROON.

Near the old plantation, at the close of day,
Stood a weary mother and her child,
Listening to the sounds along the valley's way,
While their hearts with hopes were throbbing wild.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, how the freedmen sang!
Glory, glory, how the old words rang!
'Twas the loyal army, sweeping to the sea,
Flinging out the banner of the free!

"Fly, my precious darling, to the Union camp,
I will keep the hounds and hunters, here!
Go right through the forest, tho' it be dark and damp,
God will keep thee, dear one, never fear!"

When the blazing camp-fires gleamed amid the wood,
And the boys were halting for the night,
In her wondrous beauty little Rosie stood,
Trembling and alone, before their sight.

Then the brave old gunner took her in his arms,
Thinking of his own dear ones at home,
And, amid the marches and the rude alarms,
Safely brought the little octoroon.

The Perfect Young Man.

From an obituary notice in the *Jayville Bugle*: "He was a young man who always bore a spotless reputation. He never even had the measles."—*Terre Haute Express.*

THOMAS W. KNOX.

A LIFE OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

A Breezy Sketch of the Noted Author, With Some Account of His Literary Labors.

ONE day in 1867 there was a merry dinner party of Americans at the Grand Hotel, Paris, with the late H. J. Bateman—usually called "Papa Bateman"—in the chair as host. The conversation happened to turn upon the comparative merits of the trans-Atlantic steamers, and "Papa Bateman" asked his guest on the right, "Which line of steamers do you prefer?" "I don't know anything about steamers," was the unexpected reply; "I came over in a yacht!" A little annoyed at what he thought was a joke, "Papa Bateman" put the same question to the guest on his left. "I don't know

Very truly yours
Thos. W. Knox

anything about steamers either," answered this gentleman; "for I came over by land!" Certain that he was now being quizzed, "Papa Bateman" glared furiously at the two speakers; but yet their replies were literally true. The guest on the right was Mr. Stephen Fiske, who had sailed across the Atlantic in the yacht Henrietta; the guest on the left was Col. Thomas W. Knox, who had traveled from New York to Paris by way of California, Behring Straits, Siberia and Russia.

Col. Tom Knox, as he is familiarly called, is very well known in social circles as the honorary secretary of the Lotos club, and in literary circles as the author of several popular books of travel and a voluminous contributor to magazines and newspapers. After having journeyed completely 'round the world twice, he has now established himself in New York in a comfortable apartment in the Lotos club house. The King of Siam has decorated Col. Knox with the Order of the White Elephant, in recognition of the benefits conferred upon that country by his books, and Col. Knox's rooms are numerously adorned with elephants in honor of the King of Siam. A large bronze elephant ornaments the center-table; small brass elephants are used as paper weights; a pastry elephant stands guard over the door; an ivory elephant upholds the toilet glass. When the newspapers first noticed the arrival of the Siamese White Elephant, the agents of several menageries mistook the Order for the animal, and Col. Knox was pestered with telegrams and letters asking upon what terms he would put his White Elephant upon exhibition. The publication of the true story put an end to these speculative inquiries, and Col. Knox enjoys his dignities in peace.

More than six feet tall, with a portly and imposing presence, a brunette face, crowned with iron-gray hair and lit up with large, brown, benevolent eyes and a genial, pleasant smile, Col. Knox is a man who would be remarked anywhere for his personal appearance even by those who did not know his achievements. With his tall, massive frame, embrowned face and slouched hat, he looks like a border chieftain from the far West, and, if one were to suspect that he had Indian blood in his veins, there is nothing in his appearance contradict the theory. But, on the contrary, Col. Knox was born in New Hampshire and did not go West until he had passed his twenty-fifth year. He is now 54 years of age. The son of a farmer, he passed his boyhood like the sons of most New Hampshire farmers, working for his father during the summer and going to the village school during the winter. He was an apt scholar; he learned to love learning for his own sake, and the summit of his ambition seemed reached when he became a school teacher and instructed the children of his neighbors and former playmates. As a teacher he was so successful that he established an academy at Kingston, New Hampshire; but, in 1860, he was seized with a severe attack of what was then called "the gold fever," and, after due deliberation, sold out his academy and started for Colorado, then a wild, almost unsettled territory, supposed to be equally full of gold and Indians.

To dig gold is an easy phrase, but very disappointing work. First, you must dig where the gold is; then you must dig until you get to the gold, and then you must know how to dispose of the precious metal. Tom Knox, in spite of his gigantic frame and enormous strength, soon decided that the pen was mightier than the pickaxe, and gladly accepted a position as reporter on the Denver *Daily News*. He had found his profession, and the Denver paper had discovered a genuine journalist. In a short time Tom Knox was the local editor of the *News* and the Colorado correspondent of several Eastern journals, among them the New York *Herald*. Then the civil war broke out and Knox at once volunteered; went to the front; saw hard fighting in the Southwest and received his commission as lieutenant-colonel from the state of California. The *Herald* appreciated the importance of having such a representative in the field and appointed Col. Knox its special correspondent. He went into action with his revolver in one hand, his notebook in the other and his pencil in his teeth, and he telegraphed to his paper the news of every battle before the smoke of the combat had fairly cleared away. His subsequent letters, which were redolent of the actual fighting, as if gunpowder had been mixed with the ink, attracted general attention and were republished as "Camp-fire and Cotton-field" in 1866. Col. Knox was wounded in a skirmish in Missouri; was called to New York, and was offered a position upon the *Herald's* regular staff. The offer was accepted, and, under the auspices of the *Herald*, Col. Knox made the first of his famous journeys around the world.

In 1866, accompanying an expedition sent out to build a telegraph line through Northern Asia, Col. Knox began his overland journey to St. Petersburg. By way of the Pacific, Kamschatka, Northeastern Siberia, the Amoor river, Mongolia and Chinese Tartary, he traveled 3,500 miles in sledges, and 1,500 miles on wheels, ending his dreary journey, as we have already seen, at Paris. Accounts of his progress were regularly written for the *Herald* and were afterward republished in book form by Harper Brothers in 1870, under the title of "Overland Through Asia." The letters and the book made the reputation of Col. Knox as the great Siberian traveler, and a second book of travels, called "Backsheesh," in 1873 was an equal success. The money which he had accumulated during his long journey and which was realized from his books, Col. Knox shrewdly invested in the original stock of the *Sun* when Mr. Dana took charge of that paper, and this investment gave him an ample competency. In 1873 Col. Knox had written another work called "Underground," and, after his return from Europe, he had his hands more than full of literary and journalistic enterprises. He was the first representative of the Western Associated Press in New York, and supplied telegraphic correspondence to the leading western papers for several years. In 1873 he was appointed a *Herald* Commissioner at the Vienna Exhibition, and seized the opportunity to journey through the Crimea, Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt and Nubia. These travels are recorded in "The Boy Travelers in the Far East," published by Harper Brothers.

In 1875 Col. Knox went to Ireland with the American rifle team, and telegraphed to the *Tribune* the targets at Dollymount, by an ingenious device of his own invention. After the American victory he wintered in Spain, Algeria and Morocco, and then returned to New York to prepare for his second voyage around the world, which he commenced in May, 1877, visiting Japan, China, Siam, Java, India and Egypt, and arriving in Paris in time to serve as the American representative on class XXVI. of the Jury of the International Exposition, in 1878. The decoration which we have already mentioned was received from the King in 1881, and was accompanied by an autograph letter from the King, reminding Col. Knox that this Order had never before been conferred upon an American, and declaring that "The Boy Travelers in Siam" was the best account ever published of that kingdom. Curiously enough, Col. Knox has in his library an old volume, published in London in 1681, narrating the adventures in Ceylon of Capt. Robert Knox, who had been a captive there for twenty years. The coincidence in names may not be accidental. Capt. Robert Knox was a Scotchman in the employ of the East India company, and Col. Thomas Knox is descended from an Ayrshire family, who removed from Scotland into Ireland over a century ago. It would be interesting to know that Col. Knox is a lineal offspring of the old 1681 traveler, and that he owes his Oriental complexion to the effects of the Ceylon sun upon the Scotch captive. Heredity would have no more singular romance.

Col. Knox was one of the earliest members of the Lotos club; has been repeatedly elected one of the directors, and is now secretary. In and out of the club, Col. Knox is a universal favorite, always ready to say a good word and do a good deed. His Russian *samovar*, or tea-urn, has long been a feature of the Sorosis receptions, and whenever he utters the magic words, "When I was in North Borneo," or "When I was in Greenland," a circle of listeners gathers closely around him, sure of a good story, an interesting incident of travel or an exciting narrative of an adventure that stirs the blood and tries men's souls.

Besides the works already mentioned, he is the author of "Underground Life" (1873); "Backsheesh" (1875); "The Boy Travelers in China and Japan" (1879); followed by a similar volume on "Siam and Java," for which the king of Siam conferred on him the order of the white elephant (1880); "How to Travel" (1880); "The Young Nimrods in North America," "The Boy Travelers in Ceylon and India," and "Pocket-Guide for Europe" (1881); "The Young Nimrods in Europe, Asia and Africa," "The Boy Travellers in Egypt and the Holy Land," and "Pocket-Guide Around the World" (1883); "The Boy Travellers in Africa" (1883); "The Voyage of the 'Vivian' to the North Pole and Beyond" (1884); "Lives of Blaine and Logan," (Hartford, 1884); "Marco Polo for Boys and Girls" and "The Boy Travellers in South America" (New York, 1885); "Robert Fulton and Steam Navigation" (1886); "The Boy Travellers in Russian Empire" (1886); "Life of Henry Ward Beecher" (Hartford, 1887); "Decisive Battles since Waterloo" (New York, 1887); "Dog Stories and Dog Lore;" "The Boy Travellers of the Congo" (1887); "The Boy Travellers in Australasia" (1888); "The Boy Travellers in Mexico" (1889); "Through on Time; Around the World in 70 days" (1888); "The Lost Army" (1888.)

CURRENT COMMENT.

The New York *Evening Sun* hits the nail square on the head when it says that: "The most contemptible creature to be found in any community is the person who deliberately corrupts youth and children, and of this class we think certain manufacturers of cigarettes are the most despicable.

The cheap cigarette offered in our shops is a vile compound at best, and compares with the real cigarette as a roasted bean does to the best Mocha coffee. In order to cultivate a trade in these vile preparations, it is the habit of certain cigarette makers to pack in the boxes cards and tickets, which, when collected in a sufficient number, are redeemable for an article of some alleged value.

This is a violation, in itself, of the spirit of the law, for it is in the nature of a gift enterprise, but it is also intended as a temptation to boys to buy these packages, and the purpose seems to have succeeded.

Any one can see urchins using the tickets to play certain infantile gambling games with upon the street, although for every package of cigarettes sold to a boy the penalty of misdemeanor is attached. A burglar is a man of comparative decency beside the cigarette proprietors who resort to such practices, and a year in the penitentiary would be a small punishment for those who are responsible for this contemptible and illegal custom of the trade.

Rural Journalism.

"You may hive the stars in a nail keg, hang the ocean on a fence to dry, put the sky to sleep in a gourd, unbuckle the belly band of eternity and let the sun and moon out, but don't think you can escape the place on the other side of purgatory if you don't pay for your paper."

A Tennessee editor gives this account of the difficulties under which he labors: "How is it that our readers expect us out here, twelve miles from a railroad, twenty-five miles from a river, millions of miles from heaven, about two miles from the devil and only 200 yards from a whisky shop, to get out a newsy, lively and interesting paper?"

Lucus a Non Lucendo.

Utica Observer.

"Papa, why do they call it Labor day?"

"Because, my son, it is the day on which workingmen do not labor."

J. H. McCreery, of Washington, recalls a conversation with the late Roscoe Conkling which is interesting. Mr. McCreery says: "Recalling the Chicago convention when Garfield and Arthur were nominated, Conkling said that the leaders of the convention called on him the evening before Garfield's nomination and offered to unite in his support if he would accept the nomination, but that however much he would have been honored by their support, which meant his nomination, he was not willing to be put in an attitude where it might be charged that he had not done all he could for his friend, ex-President Grant."

Inquisitiveness.

New York Sun.

Plenty of men are eager to volunteer their services for exploratory enterprises, no matter how hazardous the undertaking. When Nansen announced his plan for crossing Greenland most people said he was either mad or tired of life, but about fifty men were anxious to share the perils of the trip with him. Before De Lung sailed to his fate on the Jeannette several hundred men and one woman expressed their wish to go along with him to the North Pole. Stanley was simply overwhelmed with the applications of adventuresome fellows who wished to take part in his great expedition, and he was compelled to disappoint about 2,000 of them. Exploring is a business to which many feel called, but few, after all, are chosen.

Ella had a little waist,
She could eat no dinner,
For she was so tightly laced
Space was not within her.
Minnie had appetite
And a waist capacious,
Temper and complexion bright,
Manners free and gracious!

MORAL.

"Waist not, want not."

—*Pun.*

An American Fair.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has the proper notion of the matter, when it says:

There is entirely too much talk about New York as a location for the world's fair because of its convenience for foreigners. The mistake was in calling it a world's fair at all. It should be an American fair, to which foreigners shall be admitted, but which shall be conducted for the benefit of this country and its people. There are Americans enough to keep it lively for a good season without the aid of foreigners.

Indeed They Are.

Dayton Journal.

Governor Foraker served exactly three years and eleven months in the Union army; Mr. Campbell nine months and eighteen days between mustering in and out, but he was absent on sick leave one month before he was mustered out. Foraker, meantime, at 16 years, enlisted as a private; and was then successively promoted to second and first sergeant, second and first lieutenant and then captain at 20. In some cases comparisons are odious.

Ennoble the Day.

Pittsburg Commercial.

That Labor Day may be made useful to labor in many ways is not to be denied, but if it is to be taken merely as an "off day," when each can follow his own inclinations without regard to the character of his "enjoyment," or the effects which will follow to himself, his family or his fellow-workmen, the holiday will be productive of more harm than good. There should be a high and noble purpose in the institution of the day, and that purpose should be rigidly adhered to at every recurring anniversary.

The average theater-goer will read with pleasure that Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mrs. Langtry, Young Mrs. Blaine and Mary Anderson are not to appear this season.

The Tri-State Fair is now on and everybody in this vicinity is cordially invited to come to Toledo and bring his family.

Mr. Frank J. Scott has another communication in this issue on the subject of Labor Day. The workingmen of Toledo will doubtless have something to say in response to Mr. Scott's suggestion.

The Milwaukee Evening *Wisconsin* thinks that the Hamilton scandal in New York is new proof that the smart young man of the town may be the veriest fiat behind the scenes. Hamilton's brain must have been subject to disconnection.

Confusion of Terms.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

One of the current magazines has an article entitled "The Poetry of Poverty." The poetry of poverty may be a proper subject for magazine writing, but it is not so prominent a feature of the present day as the poverty of poetry.

He Couldn't Quit.

Baltimore Free Press.

He stood on a step-ladder trimming the dead limbs out of a fruit tree, when a man came along with some tools in his hand and stopped and asked:

"How many hours are you putting in for a day's work?"

"I'm busy from daylight until 8 or 9 o'clock at night," was the reply.

"Don't you know that nine hours is a day's work?"

"I've heard so, but he won't let me off at that."

"Then strike on him."

"I can't very well."

"Dasn't you kick?"

"It wouldn't do any good."

"Some rich old cuss who wants to grind you into powder, eh?"

"Well, he keeps me at work. I believe I put in thirteen hours every day."

"Then you are a fool!"

"Maybe so."

"He ought to be talked to."

"Yes."

"Why don't you quit?"

"I would, you see, but I am the 'old cuss' you are talking about, and though my man can get his day of nine hours, I have to put in three or four more or things will get behind."

Couldn't Catch Him Twice.

A nephew to his old and wealthy uncle—"I am desperate, and unless you send me $2,000 by this evening I shall take my life; by midnight I shall be no more." Reply of the uncle—"Yours of date received. When, some time ago, you sent me a missive of similar import, and I sent you my revolver, what did you do? You 'spouted' the weapon. I have no more revolvers."

In the Early Dawn.

Texas Siftings.

Proprietor of Museum—I am glad to see that you are looking out for my interests so well. That last freak—the girl who hasn't slept for fourteen years—is a dandy——

Manager—Sh-h! Not so loud. She has just gone into the next room and she told me not to wake her until half an hour before show time.

Served Him Right.

The tenor in a fashionable church choir found to his horror, that his voice all at once, became unpleasantly thick. He strained it, but without any good effect.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Publishers' Column.

THE VICTOR WATCH—A GOOD TIME PIECE.

This watch sent postpaid by mail, with TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE one year, $5, or for a club of ten subscribers to WEEKLY BLADE, all at one time, we will send the watch free.

This watch has nickel movements, stem-winder and setter, jeweled cylinder movement, silverine case.

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Christ Before Pilate. By Munkasey. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

Washington Entering New York. Representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1789. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x38.

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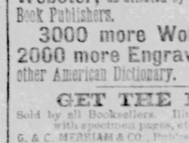

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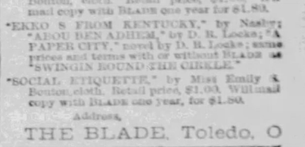

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MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

The Work That is Done Quietly for the Good of Humanity.

It has become a sort of fashion to declaim against the wickedness of the world as it is now conditioned, of its extreme selfishness, of the fierce competition in the race for riches, of the scramble which takes no heed of those who fall, and to make the whole a picture with the darkest coloring. It is all true, unfortunately, especially in the large cities, where the noise and tumult are so great that it seems as if the still, small voice that prompts to good must be drowned out utterly. Yet one who is looking will find that, both individually and collectively, people are going outside of themselves and working for the benefit of humanity. And this is done far more than is realized by those who only observe casually.

Edward Everett Hale has been recently writing a series of articles for the *Cosmopolitan* under the head of "Social Problems," which tells of many works, both private and public, showing that humanity's heart beats true at its core to the highest law of the Infinite Good, that of unselfish love. He shows, too, how much one person animated with the desire to help others, may do alone and unaided, instancing an English lady, the widow of an officer slain in the Crimean war, who, nine years ago, started a home for ragged boys in the city of Venice. She had no money, but borrowed a hundred dollars from a friend and began her work. It was in a small way at first. A room dark and dingy, which was given to her rent free, was the scene of her first beginning. Into this she managed to attract twelve ragged, nukempt boys, to whom she gave a substantial dinner, and then commenced her teaching. First they learned to read and write, then a shoemaker was engaged to train them to make and mend shoes. After that a carpenter gave them some lessons in the simplest forms of carpentry. And so the work went on until now it is a regularly appointed industrial school, as well as a home for ragged boys, where they learn trades that enable them to get an honest living and to be good, honest citizens. What more self-sacrificing work is there than this?

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

I was much interested the other day in a little account which I found in a newspaper, of "The Girls' Friendly Society," which accomplishes a world of good in a very quiet way, and of which people generally know but little. It is a sort of society or club, of which the president is Miss Elizabeth Wisner, one of those women who are devoting themselves to self-sacrificing labor for others, but yet of whom the world rarely hears.

The object of this society is to look after its members who come to this country from Europe, for its branches are found there in all large cities as well as here. Nursery governesses, housekeepers and the better class of servants belong to it, and when any of them leave there to cross the ocean, the society in New York is notified of the fact. When the ship arrives, they find some one of the officers waiting for them upon the dock, ready, if they have no friends or relatives here, to take them in charge until they get a situation. Of course they bring letters from the president of the branch they belong to at home, and their references, if they have already been out to service. The secretary keeps always a friendly eye upon them, and sees that they are placed where they will be well treated. As may be readily seen, a world of good is accomplished by this organization, and yet it is not a charity.

ANOTHER GOOD WORK.

Mr. Hale tells of another work which is being done in Boston in the Italian section of that city, where are many emigrants who do not understand how to adjust themselves to their new conditions. They knew how to do many things in the way of art, but of the way to find a market for their labor they are ignorant. A number of Boston women became aware of this state of things, and provided rooms for them and set them at work. They are now producing many of the beautiful things that travelers bring from Rome and other Italian cities, and are comfortable. It would not be strange if it ended in the opening of an industrial school where some of the arts that were known in the long ago, but are now half lost, such as the working in wrought iron, many be restored.

I mention these things not only because they are of interest in themselves, but that they show how much earnestness and enthusiasm can accomplish of good, even though they are not accompanied with much money. In fact some of the most beneficent and wide-spread organizations have had their beginning in a single-handed effort for good that gathered strength with time, and extended its influence with the work accomplished.

The great secret of doing real good is to help people to help themselves, first to find a way to be independent and self-supporting, then to lead them to efforts toward the higher living. Some of the charities make paupers of those they assist, for everything that is given in this way without adequate return, diminishes the self-respect of the recipients.

WORKING LADIES' GUILD.

In London is what is known as the Working Ladies' Guild, established about eleven years ago, to assist "one of the most helpless, most pitiable classes which society has to deal with, unmarried or widowed gentlewomen." They have been brought up to no remunerative occupation, have no business experience whatever, and no ideas of business, they shrink from contact with the rough and tumble world, and yet they are thrown on their own resources, and must work. The Guild was started, and so urgent was the need felt to be that the Princess Beatrice became its president, in order to give it popularity. It has a shop where all sorts of articles such as it would be possible for these women to make are sold. Plain sewing, fine needlework, embroidery, knitting, general art work,—these all have departments, and the work is still extending. Branches are forming in other cities and soon it will be extended all over the kingdom.

As will be readily seen this is about the same work that is done in this country—at least its aims are the same—by the Woman's Exchanges, the first one of which was started in New York by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, and which are now multiplying everywhere through the United States.

The necessity that called for these organizations has aroused a strong conviction among thinking women that the business training of girls has now become quite as important as that of boys. In Great Britain alone there are 3,000,000 more women than men, and though, as a whole, that disproportion does not exist in the United States, yet more and more are women compelled to enter into the arena of labor for self-support. Skilled work of all kinds has always a far better chance than unskilled, and when the doer is a delicate woman her difficulties are multiplied, unless she can do some one thing well.

The various organizations to help workers show how thoroughly her own sex is aroused to the need of putting woman in a position where she can compete upon equal terms with the men with whom she must enter into competition. Conditions have changed so rapidly within the last few years that the old laws that governed have passed away, and the present is the season of adjustment to the new ones, and the men and women who are directing their efforts to the work of equalizing and harmonizing are humanity's benefactors.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

ETIQUET OF FRUIT-EATING.

The inquiry has been made as to the etiquet of fruit eating, and it is a thing which puzzles many. The process may be conducted in such a way as to be utterly disgusting to well-bred people, or it may be done decently and in order, even gracefully.

In eating apples, pears and peaches a silver knife is used to pare the fruit, then it is cut into quarters, and eaten with the fingers. If, however, it is very juicy, it is better to use a fork, rather than "to make a mess of it" by letting the juice run down the fingers and hand.

Pineapple, which is brought upon the table cut in slices, is eaten with a knife and fork. The canned fruit is eaten with a spoon.

Grapes are put into the mouth with their skins on. These are ejected into the hand, which is held before the mouth at the time, and conveyed to the plate. Never spit seeds and skins upon the plate directly from the mouth.

Oranges are eaten in various ways. Most people peel them, then divide them into sections and eat them from the fingers. Sometimes a ring of the peel is removed from around the center, then the orange is cut into two parts, across the grain, and the juice eaten with a spoon, while the pulp is thrown away. Either way is proper. If cut into pieces before brought to the table, and sugared, they are, of course, eaten with a spoon.

Bananas are also eaten in two ways. They are either peeled entirely, then sliced with a knife and eaten with a fork, or the skin is peeled down part way and then the fruit is eaten from the hand. The former way is perhaps the safest as far as grace of manners is concerned.

The berries are, of course, all eaten with a spoon, unless it may be the strawberry, which is sometimes left upon the stem, and then one is taken up in the fingers, dipped in sugar and carried to the mouth.

Water melons are usually served in slices and eaten with a knife and fork. The nutmeg or muskmelon is brought on in eighths, quarters or halves according to the size, and eaten with a spoon. Melons are always served with their rinds on.

So much for fruits. If there are any questions any one would like to ask in regard to the matter, the editor will be glad to answer them.

Next week something about the eating of vegetables will be given.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

PRETTY TABLE SCARF.—Get wide grosgrain or satin ribbon, No. 12 or 16, of any color which will harmonize with the room. Cut off three lengths according to the table which you wish to put it on. Cross these in and out by bands of the same ribbon, leaving squares which are to be filled in with rings that have been crocheted over with silk of the same color as the ribbon. Trim the ends with a row of the rings, which will form a heading for the fringe, made by knotting in silk like that used for the rings. The effect is very pretty.

ABOUT KENSINGTON PAINTING.—Some time ago I noticed a request from one of the "sisters" regarding Kensington, or pen painting, and as yet have seen no answer. For Kensington either ordinary oil colors or special enamel colors are used. They should be mixed with turpentine or mastic varnish. Stretch the velvet or cloth tightly on a board; trace the design on it; then apply the color with a broad-pointed pen; take up some of the color in the pen, then place it on the material; the point of the pen must be dug into the material in order to get the color off the pen. When the whole of one flower is outlined, clean your pen, then carefully scrape down the ridge of color towards the center of the flower; you will thus make a number of small lines resembling crewel stitch. There is another more simple plan, and if any one wishes more on the subject, shall be happy to reply.—DE VERE FERO.

YARN RUG.—Take old wool stockings, cut in strips lengthwise about an inch wide, ravel the strips crossways, leaving about two inches on one edge to sew on by, sew a stripe of one kind all the way around the rug, then a stripe of another kind, letting the ravelled edge of the last row lap over the sewed edge of previous row, and so on in alternate rows until the rug is filled. Or, it can be marked off in any pattern desired and filled in. Mine has a cat and kitten in the center. The rest is crazy work. They make nice rugs.—MRS. M. A. K.

Miss Bouton's new "Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be ready about the first of October. The price will be 25 cents as usual.—ED.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog., purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

BABY'S HOOD.—Materials: 1 ounce of knitting silk and a coarse steel hook; cast on 5 chain, join. 1st row—16 tr. into the 5 ch.—2d row—2 tr. into every 1; 3d row—2 tr. into every 3d; 4 h row—turn the work and make 4 ch, tr. in the back loop of 3d tr., miss 1 and make 1 dc. into 2d loop; miss 2 and make 5 tr. in 3d; repeat all round; turn the work back again; 5th row—2 tr. into every 3d; 6th row—2 tr. into every 4th; 7th row—2 tr. into every 5th; 8th row—turn the work and repeat 4th row, turn the work; 9th row—2 tr. into every 6th; 10th row—2 tr. into every 8th; 11th row—2 tr. into every 12th; 12th row—turn the work and repeat 4th row; 13th row—2 tr. into every 15th; 14th row—1 dc., miss 2, 5 tr. into 3d loop, miss 1, 1 dc.; repeat for 3 rows, making the shells fall between each other; 17th row—Commence between 2d and 3d shells from the joining of the crown, 1 tr. over the dc. of the last row, 2 ch. 1 dc. in 3 tr. of shell; repeat until 4 shells of the crown are left, then turn, leaving the 4 shells to form the neck; 18th—1 tr. over tr., 2 ch. 1 dc. over dc., 5 shells; 19th row—repeat 14th row, letting shells and dc. fall on tr. of last row; repeat 6 rows more; 26th row—repeat 17th row. Commence to form the cape; 1st row—repeat 14th row except where the crown joins the head; make 7 tr. instead of 5, and also in the center of the crown at back; 2d row—after turning the work make 2 ch. then 5 tr. into 1st dc., stitch 1 dc. into center of 1st shell; repeat; when at the shells which contain 7 tr. make 5 tr. between 1 dc. into 2 ch., 5 tr., 1 dc. into 2 ch., 5 tr. as usual between the 2 shells; this increases the row 2 shells more, as the 7 tr. should be in each corner of the crown; finish the row as you commence; 3d row—turn and make 2 ch., 3 tr. over 1st tr. of last row, miss 1 ch. 1 dc. 5 tr. into dc. between shells, in the center of the row, make the shell 7 tr. to widen; repeat to the end; 4th row—turn 1 dc. over 1st tr., 5 ch. 1 dc. into center of next shell; repeat; repeat the widenings at the end of each row, of the last 3 rows, until the cape is finished; the cape contains 10 rows; widen by making the 7 tr. and the one extra shell above it, as shown in 2d row; 5th row—widen twice in this row; 6th row—plain shells; 7th row—widen once; 8th row—plain shells; 9th row—widen twice; 10th row—plain shells. For edge trimming make shells containing 7 tr. round entire cap; last row—1 dc. into 2 tr., 1 dc. into 3 tr., 3 ch. 1 dc. into same; treble 1 dc. into next tr., 3 ch., 1 dc. into the same, tr. 1 dc. into next tr., 3 ch., 1 dc., into same, tr. 1 dc. into next tr., then 1 dc. into 2d tr. of next shell; repeat all around.

The cap can be lined with silk or an under cap of double split zephyr, plain treble stitches; and may be trimmed with either ribbon or cord of the silk, and tassels, per sample. To make the cord, wrap the silk a yard in length ten times over a nail without head, then roll it on the lap until tightly twisted; hold it firmly in the center and take the silk off the nail; hold the two ends firmly together, keeping hold of the center; let the center go, after twisting it slightly to commence the cord, and the cord will be finished. Run the cord round the front, and after fastening it at each end inside, and adding tassels, tie in loops on the top; sew the loops to keep in place; 1¾ yards of ribbon to run through the mesh; bow at the back and strings.

Those interested in this department will help each other very much by sending patterns not too long and difficult, but something pretty. Do not write upon both sides of the paper. We have some nice patterns now which cannot be used because the sender has forgotten this very necessary matter.—ED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NOTHWESTERN BLIZZARD OF THE WINTER OF 1888.—The morning of that day of January, 1888, was warm and pleasant for that time of the year. I was attending school that winter at Athol, a small town in Spink county, Dak., which place was about two miles and a half southwest from my home. I started for school that morning with Coaly, a horse belonging on the farm which we rented, and a home-made sled. I had gone a little over half of the distance when the wind began to come from the northwest, bringing with it snow, which was very coarse, one pellet of which struck me in the eye, making it feel very unpleasantly; the weather also began to grow colder.

I turned around in my sled, so that my back would be against the wind, threw my blankets and carpets closer about me, and rode on as fast as possible.

I was about one-half of a mile away, the snow and wind coming with more force as I drove on; and when I reached the town, but was still a short distance from the school house, the snow had grown much finer and the wind came with such force that I could not look up, as I tried it, but was obliged to turn my head immediately and watch the ground as a guide the rest of the way.

I do not remember of thinking what I should do with my horse when I reached the schoolhouse, but there stood the boy who worked at the livery barn for his board, and went to school. He had glanced out of the window, and saw me coming, and was ready to take the horse when I reached there. I was quite late that morning, for I would not have been caught in the storm. The morning passed slowly away, and dinner time came. I had my dinner with me, but as one of the girls invited me home with her for the night, as she did not know whether she would come in the afternoon, if the storm still continued, I decided to go with her. We were visiting for her father whom Anna expected would come after her. Her home was north of the school, distance about twice as far as across a common street, not a great way but the wind was so strong and so filled with fine snow that we could not see buildings not on the school ground.

We would be obliged to go against the wind, which we could not do for a great distance, as it soon took our breath. But her father soon came; he had a small rope, binder twine I presume, one end of which was fastened to the door of his house and the other in his hand, which he intended to wind up as he neared the house, but the rope was soon broken, (which I did not know until we reached the house), and Mr. D. was obliged to go on the best he could without it. I was behind him and Anna back of me, but the distance between us soon increased, it seemed as though we had gone far enough to have reached the house, but it did not come in sight.

Mr. D. caught sight of a telegraph pole and then knew that we were quite a distance west of his house. He then knew which way to go, so turned toward the east and were soon on the right track again. It was hard walking, the snow being very deep in some places. I fell down in one place, and when I looked up Mr. D. was out of sight. I heard Anna call to her father, but the wind carried her voice in the opposite direction. I started on in the direction I had last seen them, but Anna came on and fell down in the same place where I had fallen. I soon heard Mr. D. calling to us that all was right, and we came up to the door, so out of breath that we could not breathe without difficulty. After the excitement was over and we had had a lunch, Anna spoke about going to school. We thought we could go over with less trouble than we had in coming home, as the wind would carry us toward the schoolhouse.

I have often thought since how dangerous it was for us to start out as we did; as we might have gone quite near the school house, and yet been carried by the wind, without seeing it.

We could be quite near a building and not see it; as can plainly be seen in the following: I had nearly reached the schoolhouse, and Anna was a very short distance from me, but could not see it nor me, and so began calling me. I answered, then she came towards me, and we were soon safe in the school-room.

After school had closed Mr. D. came after me and we succeeded in getting home without getting lost.

I knew my mother would be worrying about me, as she would not know as had reached the school house that morning. My brothers attended school in the country about three-fourths of a mile from home, and did not go that day, but started just before the storm came up to water the horses, cattle and mules at the creek. The storm was so terrible that they could not see the mules' ears when riding them. The next morning the storm was gone, but the wind still blew the snow over the ground, as it always does out here after it has been snowing and the wind blows. It was very cold, and a person would soon freeze, as there was a great amount of electricity in the air. I thought I would walk home, as my horse could not travel very well through the deep snow, but Mr. D. thought it would be dangerones to do so. It grew some warmer as the day advanced, and a little later, after thanking my kind friends for their hospitality, I started for home. I stopped at one place, after going a short distance, but soon started on; at times the wind blew the snow along in such a manner as to alarm me for fear another storm was commencing, as I had heard before starting that some feared there would be another one, and so I turned around and went to the place where I had stopped. In a short time I saw some one coming, who, as he came near, I found was my brother. I went to the door and called him. He went after my horse and we started for home. The snow was so deep and hard in some places that he was obliged to get out and break the snow through to prevent the horse from breaking her legs. In the course of time we reached home, where my mother was anxiously awaiting us.

My father was working in a neighboring town, about 25 or 30 miles away. He came home on the first train that came through, but did not reach there until two or three days later, being prevented by the blocked roads.—ADA M. ROBERTSON, Ashton, Dakota.

WHAT SEE ADVISES.—In HOUSEHOLD Aug. 29, Majoria March asks for information in regard to healing the eyes of her cat, that she wishes to be woman's benefactor, study Christian science. I have been practicing three years, and it is a marvel the healing that one can do. I have always been an invalid, and I would not now practice, but so much suffering all around me I feel it my duty. You can get books and write me, I will give you all the necessary information. There are plenty of good schools all over the land and woman will soon care for her own sex instead of being in the hands of M. D.'s. They perform surgery where there is no earthly need. I know whereof I speak as I have many ladies under my care who have almost been murdered." There are schools in Chicago, Boston, in fact almost every state in the Union, and their teachers and healers are doing a good work. Address—MRS. A. M. BROWN, 182 Lincoln ave., Aurora, Ill.

INQUIRIES.

Will some reader of THE BLADE tell me where I can get an old Sunday school library or a few years back numbers of some religious periodical, suitable to distribute among Sunday school scholars, for a small sum, or by paying express on same? Address ELLA BALDWIN, Peterton, Kan., Osage Co.

I have a little boy 3 years old. He could talk as plainly as any child until two weeks ago I noticed him stuttering. He gets worse every day. Now what shall I do to break him of it, or is there anything I can do? Please answer.—MRS. AMANDA PAXTON.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE, please send me pieces of silk, satin, worsted or plush? If any one wishes to work their name and address on, it will be highly appreciated, in any stitch desired. I want to make a quilt in memory of the readers of THE BLADE. I also would like to make an album of postal cards, and would be pleased to receive a postal with verse, name and address, from the readers of this good paper.—MISS LAURA E. HORN, Madonna P. O., Harford Co., Md.

I saw a request recently from a lady asking for postal card autographs. I think the idea a good one, and I also should be pleased to receive cards from each state and territory for my album. Please write a verse, date and name, and by so doing you will confer a great favor. Address ADIE J. E. BOETHWICK, Kimmell, Noble Co., Ind.

Please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD what to do with my calla this winter. It bloomed this summer, and I would like to know if I could put it in the cellar, or must I keep it growing in the house? I desire to make an album of postal cards from THE BLADE reapers, and would be pleased to receive from all a card with verse, name and address thereon.—KATIE SOMMERS, Spring Hill, White Side Co., Ill,

Will some of THE BLADE readers tell me how to make ink, such as they use at the laundry for marking clothing?—W. R. HUNT, Aspen, Colo.

I will give a good girl 10 or 12 years old a good home. For particulars write to P. O. Box 76, Wessington, South Dakota.

I would like to write a story for the Young Folks' column. Will my story be accepted? How can I remove freckles from my face without making the skin yellow or any other disagreeable color? How can I increase the growth of my hair? How can I semove moids from my face and neck? How can I make the skin soft, white and fresh?—MISCO SETTE.

It depends as to acceptance upon whether your story is suited to THE BLADE or not.—ED.

Seeing the request for postal cards in THE BLADE, to make an album, I thought I would so like to make one too. Would be so pleased to receive a postal with name, verse and address thereon, from all the readers of THE BLADE.—M. M. ROSS, Whiteford Center, Monroe county, Mich.

Will any one tell me of somethiug which will keep the hair from falling out? Either give some very simple recipe, or name something which might be bought at a drug store.—"CLAMDIGGER."

Can any of the HOUSEHOLD instruct me through THE BLADE how to make mangoes?—C.

Would some of the ladies or girls who take THE BLADE be kind enough to send me pieces of silk, satin or plush, with their names, ages and addresses worked on them in any stitch they desire; also postals with some memento written on them. I wish to make a postal album of verses from THE BLADE readers. Would be glad to return the favor in some way. Will send instructions for a pretty tidy, if the editor says so. I love THE BLADE, and would not be without it. I save every one of them, and if one happens to get destroyed I almost cry. I am going to make a book of them, and have it bound. Best wishes and prosperity to THE BLADE.—MRS. C. E. CLARK, Box 650, Trinidad, Colorado.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Some time ago an inquiry was sent by "Kansas Kate," as to the authorship of a poem "Only a Girl," published in the Chicago *Inter Ocean* in October of 1880. We have been unable to learn who was the writer, but possibly some reader of the BLADE may know, and will give the information.—ED.

"Young Girl," "slip" in knitting means to take off without knitting, that is, slip it from one needle to another.—ED.

If "Myrtle" will send me her address, I will try and give her directions to make hair guards, but think it will be difficult for her to take up from written directions alone, unless she once knew something about it.—MRS. M. A. KAUPP, Odessa, Lafayette Co., Mo.

I want to talk a little about stains. Boiling water poured through the linen will take out almost any fruit stain. The best thing I find for tea stain is to spread the cloth on the grass when it is raining. Lemon juice will remove ink stains and rust.—BETH.

To MRS. Oklahoma I would say a handful of sal-soda is very nice to cleanse or soften water. I will also send my washing fluid recipe, 2 lbs. sal soda and 1 lb. stone lime boiled in about 6 gallons rain water; put in jar settlings and all. When the fluid is all used fill up and use again. For a common washing use a teacupful in the water you soak your clothes in, and 1 in the boiler.—MRS. VANNEGER.

Florence, Tullahomo, Tenn.: For cabbage worms, make a very strong brine of common salt when they first appear, or at any time. Apply freely by sprinkler or any other way. Two or three applications will be sufficient.—S. G. B., Marietta, Iowa.

Tell correspondent Florence, Tullahoma, Tenn., that Paris green is a sure remedy against the cabbage worm. Don't be afraid to use it for I have done so for two years and believe it to be perfectly safe, if careful. The head of the cabbage grows from the inside, so when used the outside leaves being removed the poison is removed. Dust well with it, or shake some of the Paris green and apply with a pepper box while the dew is on.—L. S. ROUNSEVELL.

I wish to correct a mistake I made in my recipe for putting away fruit without canning. The word stem should read stew. Hope it was not tried the way it reads.—COUNTRY HOUSEKEEPER.

If "Anxious Inquirer" will send postage and address to box 49, Coralville, Iowa, will send some shells.—IOWA IDLER.

I should be pleased if MRS. K. WIGHT, of Missouri, would give me her address through THE BLADE.—SARAH A. DAVIS.

"A Country Girl."—It certainly would be a young man's place to request the privilege of a correspondence, if he desired it. That is the etiquet in such matters.—ED.

This is my address in answer to "An Old Subscriber, Umpqua Valley, Ore." Please publish also, in addition to my address, the fact that I have been a music teacher, as a musical person was preferred, and that I am not an invalid. I will forward stamps for correspondence. This is my address for publication: MRS. M. H. B., No. 410 Ronalds street, Iowa City, Iowa." It seems to me that very few would be contented long in so lonely a place; but think I could, with books and music.

Please inform "Peggy," in inquiries, BLADE, August 15, if she will send me her address I can supply her with a pair of buffalo horns from Colorado.—GARRET JOHANNES, Hiawatha, Kan.

RECIPES.

SUMMER SUNDAY MENU.—Dinner—Jellied tongue. White and brown bread. Cold stewed corn. Cottage cheese. Lettuce salad. Stuffed eggs. Beet pickles. Lemonade. Iced tea. Strawberry cream. Silver cake. Apricots. Oranges.

LUNCH (Same day).—Chipped beef. Bread and butter. Raddishes. Iced tea. Cookies. Mock lemon pie. Ginger beer.

BROWN BREAD.—Two and one-half cupfuls meal, 1½ cupful flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, ½ cupful molasses, ½ cupful vinegar, 2 small teaspoonfuls soda. Sour milk to make a thin batter; steam three hours; bake ten minutes.

SILVER CAKE.—Two cupfuls sugar and ¾ cupful soft butter beaten to a cream; add teaspoonful lemon and 1 cupful sweet milk, and 3 cupfuls flour which has had 1½ teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted through it. Partly stir in the stiffly beaten whites of six eggs. Bake slowly for from an hour to an hour and a half. At the same time I always make

GOLDEN CAKE.—One and a third cupfuls sugar and one half cupful of soft butter, beaten to a cream; add the yolks of six eggs and beat until mixed well together then add half a nutmeg; one cupful milk and three cupfuls of flour, in which one teaspoonful baking powder has been sifted. Beat together well and bake slowly one hour or more. The richer the cake the slower the oven must be. If the top begins to bake too fast pin a square of wrapping paper into a shallow cone and place over it. If your oven bakes too much on the bottom place three or four thickness of paper in the bottom of the cake pan. Use queens ware pans and place an eight inch tall bottle which is an inch and a half in diameter in the center and fill it with warm water.

ICING BOILED.—One cupful sugar, four tablespoonfuls hot water, boil about six minutes or until it ropes. Beat the white of one egg stiff and pour the sugar over it, beating until it is stiff and nearly cold. Spread on the cake when cold and let set until the next day.

COLD ICING.—White of 1 large egg; stir into it pulverized sugar until it is very stiff (cannot give quantity, as eggs differ in size) and until it is so it will spread nicely and not run. Set into a warm oven to dry.

GINGER BEER.—1½ ozs. ginger root broken into pieces; 1 oz cream of tartar; 1 sliced lemon; 4 cupfuls white sugar. Put all into a kettle and pour over them 6 qts. of boiling water. When nearly cold add ½ cupful of yeast. Let it stand 24 hours, strain, bottle and cork, laying the latter down. Place where it is cool. In three days it is ready for use. Will keep about three weeks. Is a very pleasant and healthful drink.—MONTANA MAY.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

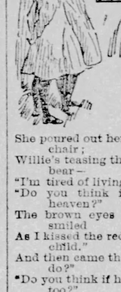
We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CAROLINE, N. Y.	JAMESTOWN, PA.
Minnie Matson	Jerry B Edwards
Frank Murphy	GLIDDEN, WIS.
INTERLACHEN, FLA.	Clara Zentner
Paul Smith	Lily Frenter
Nellie Smith	Alma Frenter
Mertie Smith	Ida Polfus
Roy Smith	Emma Polfus
CURWENSVILLE, PA.	Bessie Hamilton
Vincent Way	Willard S Hamilton
Amy Way	Howard H Reagan
John H Way	Oliver T Reagan
Lida Spencer	Esther M Reagan
Grace Spencer	MARION, MINN.
Ernest Bloom	Frank Campbell
Lizzie Spencer	Nettie Sisters
BARRE CENTER, N. Y.	Peter Beach
Jay D Salisbury	Charley Brag
Ernest Kates	Alma Campbell
Larue Raymond	Jessie Emerson
Ella Cooper	Nellie Campbell
Georgie Cooper	Orlando Emerson
Irma Tice	Martha Vail
Cleora A Beecher	Minnie Campbell
Reuben Hubbard	Garfield Beach
Alice Trow	Joseph Campbell
Blanche Kennedy	Arthur Emerson
Minnie Rupp	Gracie Emerson
Daisy Aswell	George Skeels

Names this week, 51. Total 27,458.

The above embraces all names received up to September 6.

THE TEASINGBROTHER.



Of a brother and sister
I'm going to tell,
Little Willie and Susie,
I know them both well,
They love one another,
but, as you will see,
Like the best of dear
children, they can't
quite agree.
Will's a terrible tease
for so small a young
man,
And makes Susie his vic-
tim when he can.
One day there came to
me a sad little girl,
With her eyelashes wet,
and her hair out of curl,
She poured out her woes as she climbed in my
chair;
Willie's teasing this time had been too much to
bear—
"I'm tired of living so long!" (she is seven).
"Do you think if I died I would go up to
heaven?"
The brown eyes were sober and troubled; I
smiled
As I kissed the red lips, and said, "Yes, my dear
child."
And then came the query, "What would Willie
do?"
"Do you think if he died, he would go to heaven,
too?"
"Yes," I answered again; and the cloud on her
brow
Deepened, while I sat wondering "what will
come now?"
The child became thoughtful; her bright auburn
head
Never moved for a minute; at length, though,
she said,
Looking up in my face with a queer little
frown,
"Well, when Willie comes up, I b'lieve I'll come
down!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

A RUSTIC NATURALIST'S PETS.

BY CHARLES BARROWS.

CONCLUDED.

When he whistled, the two minks in sight gave vent each to a low, hissing sound as if expectant of something.

"You do feed them occasionally, I suppose," inquired Henderson.

"No; wal, sometimes I toss 'em a scrap of meat or fish, but nothin' regular."

They would allow Woodis to approach within a few feet of them, but were a little more shy of us. Nearly every one has seen a mink, so I need not describe them further, save, perhaps, to note the particularly red, fiery expression of the eye. The eye of the mink is as black as jet, yet under the least excitement is seen to glow like a coal of fire.

"Shall you take their pelts off by and by when the fur gets good?" Henderson asked.

"Guess not. Don't fetch enough now. I wouldn't rob the little fellers of their jackets for fifty cents apiece," replied Woodis, with his broad, kindly smile. "But I'll tell ye what; ef mink skins fetched six dollers apiece, as they used to, I'd start a minkery here," he added. "I could make more raisin' minks than I can sawin' shingles."

"How's 'old Boozer' getting along this summer?" Henderson at length inquired. "Is he down under the shingle mill now?"

"Only millin'. Don't go there yet, but he don't climb his pole much nowadays; and he hain't got his old coat off well. He's 'bout's good's spoilt."

Who or what Boozer was I could only conjecture, but upon going back to the mill we discovered a small block bear hitched to a large, knotty pole on the side next to the brook. He seemed somewhat mangy, and his last season's coat of hair was still clinging to his sides in rusty patches.

"You see," Henderson explained to me, "there was a party of sportsmen up here last summer, and they brought a stock of choice supplies, including one day with her mother, a boy exploded a torpedo which frightened Mrs. Keller. Helen asked at once, "What are you afraid of?" Some of you already know that sound (*i. e.*, noise of all sorts) is produced by the vibrations of the air striking against our organs of hearing—that is to say, deaf people, even though they can hear absolutely nothing, are still conscious of these vibrations. Thus, they can "feel" loud music, probably because it shakes the floor; and Helen's sense of feeling is so wonderfully acute, that she no doubt learns many things from these vibrations of the air which to us are imperceptible.

The following anecdote illustrates both her quickness of touch and her reasoning powers. The matron of the Perkins Institution for the Blind exhibited one day, to a number of friends, a glass lemon-squeezer of a new pattern. It had never been used, and no one present could guess for what purpose it was intended. Some one handed it to Helen, who spelled "lemonade" on her fingers, and asked for a drinking-glass. When the glass was brought, she placed the squeezer in proper position for use.

The little maid was closely questioned as to how she found out a secret that had baffled all the "seeing" people present. She tapped her forehead twice, and spelled, "I think."

I can not forbear telling you one more anecdote about her, which seems to me a very pathetic one. She is a very good mimic, and loves to imitate the motions and gestures of those about her, and she can do so very cleverly. On a certain Sunday she went to church with a little, round little creature, with a peaked nose, long neck, short legs, and long tail with a black tip. Over the back and along the sides it was of a dark brown color, but had a light spot at its throat and was sulphury white on the under part of its body. Woodis first patted it, then took it carefully up in his hands.

"Can you name it?" Henderson said to me.

"It is too small for a ferret and not marked like one," I replied; "and it seems too large for a weasel; but unless it is a big weasel I shall have to give it up."

"It's not a weasel," said Henderson. "It is a stoat—an animal of the weasel family, but a good deal larger. I never saw one before. Lon caught this one in a box-trap on the mountains back of the lake. He keeps it, instead of a cat, to catch the mice and rats. In the winter its hair turns white, except at the tip of its tail. In its winter dress it is called an ermine, the same that in Europe formerly furnished the white ermine fur robes for the kings."

Just then we heard a tame crow on the roof of the house, outside, making a laughable attempt to talk, its tongue having been recently "docored" by Woodis, according to a surgical method in vogue among country boys. The crow had scarcely finished his loquacious effort, when from the recesses of the garret, or loft, overhead, an owl uttered a gruff and solemn *tu-whit, tu-whoo*, evidently awakened by the crow's noise.

"Has 'Old Scratch' recovered from the wounds he received in his battle with 'Wee-jack?'" Henderson asked. "Take us to see them, Lon."

"He's pretty well over that fight," Woodis replied, leading the way to the back side of his cow barn; "but he has had another brush since—only a few nights ago—with some dog that came along, and got bitten through one foot. The old rascal! He had no call to fight. Served him right, I told him."

At the rear of the barn were two large cages, six or seven feet square, with stout bars of seasoned white ash. We found in the straw of the first cage, coiled up into a huge furry ball, a gray animal, which raised a large, round head and looked sleepily at us out of a pair of great, silvery eyes.

"This is 'Scratch,'" said Henderson. "Can you classify him?"

In order to give me a better chance to show my knowledge of natural history they roused the animal and got it upon its legs, which I noticed were quite long, with large round feet, disclosing the points of large hooked claws. But its tail was a mere stub, while its ears were each tipped with a little tuft of gray hair. It had remarkably long, stiff "whiskers," not unlike those of some gigantic old tom-cat, and the whole contour of the beast was decidedly feline.

"Why, this is a lynx, isn't it?" I said.

"Right for the first time," laughed my friend. "Yes, this is a Canada lynx or 'lincifee,' as the backwoodsmen call it. But I don't believe you can tell what this creature in the next cage is."

The occupant of the second cage was also cuddled snugly down in his straw, enjoying a morning nap. It was a very different sort of visage which he poked up, however, not at all like the lynx's sleepy eyes and great, cat-like head. I knew at first sight that I should have trouble giving it a name. This animal had a rather flat head, with low yet broad, wide-apart ears, a black nose-pad, and fierce, fiery eyes.

Woodis gave the creature a poke with a stick, when it sprang up with a hiss, emitting a musky odor.

"I've had him four months," he said; "but he's not much tamed yet. I shall fetch him round, though, in time."

On its legs the beast disclosed a rather long body and a long tail, thick and bushy at the point of junction with the body, and tapering like a cone to the tip. Its body and head were not far from thirty inches in length, and the tail was about half as long as that,—say three feet and a half over all.

The color was peculiar, being an iron gray over the back, shoulders and head, but almost quite black underneath save a few gray hairs at the throat. The legs were short, but thick and strong, and the feet large, with light-colored claws. Its fur was thick and coarse, and altogether it had the appearance of being a tough, wiry and determined animal.

"Where did it come from?" I asked the young naturalist.

"'Bout thirty mile north of here," Woodis replied.

"I was with a loggin' crew last winter. One morning we felled a large holler pine and this creeter was in the tree, 'way up forty feet or more from the snow, inside the holler part of the tree. We had quite a fight with him. But the snow was very deep and soft, and we finally ketched him under a blanket and put a grain box over him."

I was quite ready to admit that I had never seen an animal of this species before.

"Well, it is a rare creature," said Henderson, "and one there has been considerable dispute about among naturalists, first and last. But I believe they now agree that it belongs to the weasel family and is the largest animal of the genus.

"In America, and has no counterpart in Europe or Asia. It has probably borne more different names than almost any other creature. Hunters have called it the block fox, but it is not a fox at all. Others have named it the black cat, but it is not a cat at all. The Hudson Bay traders called it the woodshock and the pekan, and the Indians of the northwest called it the wee-jack.

"New England woodsmen generally speak of it as the fisher; but it is not, like the mink, a fisherman, but resembles the pine marten in habits. The Smithsonian Institution the say favor the name of Pennant's Marten, from the older naturalist of that name. In the scientific books it is variously designated as *Mustela canadensis* and *Musiela pennanti*.

"I looked this all up a little while ago," Henderson added, "because when I first saw this animal I did not know what it was." Thus modestly did my friend apologize for his knowledge, to my ignorance.

There were still a pet fox and a raccoon to be seen, but these more common animals need no description. I mention those only which were somewhat novel to me, although many readers of this paper are no doubt quite familiar with them and their habits.

Altogether we had spent two hours very pleasantly, and I, at least, had increased my knowledge of natural history. I only regret that there are not a few more young men, like Lon Woodis, whom their neighbors would not consider "quite bright."—*You

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE TALKS ON THE SUNRISE,

And Takes His Text From Paul's Epistle to the Romans—"The Day is at Hand."

BROOKLYN, Sept. 8.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., was welcomed home to-day by an overflowing congregation. His subject was "The Sunrise," and his text, "The day is at hand." Romans xiii. 12. He said:

Back from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farmhouse, your cheek bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence.

Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the Colorado mountains, 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, or the tonic atmosphere of the Pacific coast, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I cannot tell. I simply know I am grandly and gloriously and inexpressibly happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the key-note of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel and Coronation. Some time ago we had a new stop put in this great organ—a new trumpet stop—and I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons.

We Need the Element of Gladness.

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. That man had no right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that he was glum at the wedding of Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over his knee and shoulder at his own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ, "He rejoiced in Spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ, who pours all the water over the rocks at Vernal falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic and assay them, and test them, and analyze them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced by one of what he calls the great laughter he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently have disturbed many people by telling them that there was a chance of stellar collision. We have been told through the papers by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center, where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen them by the movement of the switch one or two inches the trains shoot this way and that, without any colliding, then you can understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch tender can shoot the trains this way and that, how much more cannot the Hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think that God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human forebodings. The sun rose this morning at about half past 5, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The War Period Is Passing Away.

The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword.

That Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows, or off the Mersey? By the gulf stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations marmadized? No. A few wise men gute a quiet room in Geneva, talk this matter over, and the telegraph to Washington and to London: "All settled." Peace. Peace. England pays to the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So, the quarrel eight or nine years ago about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said: "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said: "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say: "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, not a cartridge bitten off, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

So the Samoan controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through peccadillo of ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment of Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not the dignity of even being respectable. What is that brush on the cheek of England to-day? What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the treaty.

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the thrust of the sword. Philanthropy said to the North: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the South: "You sell the slaves and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The North replied: "I won't pay a cent." The South replied: "I won't sell." War! War! A million dead men, and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder.

Why did we not let William H. Seward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of Potomac and talk the matter over, and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the North pay in cost of war, four billion seven hundred million dollars, and the South pay four billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars, the destroying angel leaving the first born dead in so many houses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama. Ye aged men, where are those sons full in life, you not think that would have been better? Oh, yes! we have come to believe, I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle,

Christians are Peaceable.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint, and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God that this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave Gen. Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the reservation. A general of the United States army, in high repute throughout the land, and who, perhaps, has been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who has been wounded again and again in behalf of our government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred in this country between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of contest.

I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under that large tree, my father died. An invader comes and proposes to drive off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, and crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner and still closes corner, until after a while I say: "Stand back! don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off of my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back and crowding me into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by their hardships, I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the United States government and the North American Indian. The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Brooklyn home or a new York home is right in defense of a home on top of the Rocky mountains. Before this dwindling red race dies completely out I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment I would rather be a blood smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation! One man was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other man pretended to be a representative of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this, the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glitteredge of keen steel is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at hand."

Rapid Transit a Joyful Fact.

I find another ray of the dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with fourteen hundred millions of population and no facile means of communication; but now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephony for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the twenty-five thousand miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purdon's Geographic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphic cables under the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries, and some of them in the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may do all their work in twenty-four hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science five thousand, six hundred and fifty-two years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took five thousand eight hundred years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the Queen's speech at the proroguing of parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it anything marvelous that in twenty-four hours a divine communication from the throne of the whole earth, Jesus Christ should descend on the nations—many expect that Christ will come among the nations personally—suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-four hours? Suppose he should present his Gospel in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrows; to prove that I am a supernatural being I have just descended from the clouds; do you believe me, and do you believe me now? Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell you these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities, or even the improbabilities, that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter, when the time comes. There are foretokenings in the air. Something great is going soon to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down, or that the axle of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the London plagues through the Asiatic cholera. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the wars. Enough, the conflagrations.

Look Out for a Celebration.

I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Let us have a jubilee on earth. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new tents of type in your printing offices so set up some astounding good news. Better have some banner that has never been carried, ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court-houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth is coming to reign. The whole earth of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning clouds, redding into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand!"

One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come, people, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Ezekiel and Hosea, and Micah and Malachi, and John and Peter, and Paul and Christ, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick, and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pain, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast, and the captain assures you the vessel is staunch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat, or on toward light and blessedness. You and I believe the latter, and if so, every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics, I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone brings us nearer unfading arboreseence. Put your algebra down on the top of your bible and rejoice.

If it is nearer morning at 3 o'clock than it is at 2, if it is nearer morning at 4 o'clock than it is a 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverence. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

Mysterious Signs of the Times.

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and the heavenly world may after a while make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and after a while, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what it is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this however, that the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after a while at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport Brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in the battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mars Hill. History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of a war bought up all the old cavalry horses, lest they be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Naversmire Heath, and turned these old war horses into the thickest and richest pasture, to spend the rest of their days for what they had done in other days. One day a thunder storm came up, and these war horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm branch for weapon, and come down out of the king's galleries into the arena, crying: "Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon."

My beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered, and all Christian work in some way is effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion; he who hath the moon under his feet and all the armies of heaven on white horses.

Brother! brother! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood bought immortality. Oh, Christ, how shall I meet thee, thou of the scarred brow, and the scarred back, and the scarred hand, and the scarred foot, and the scarred heart? I have let so much time be gotten in thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, you foes of God, I dare you to the combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine and adderous. Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow. I uncover my anthems. Strike! I can not see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with him on earth, we can not be glorified with him in heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come! Pick out all the cheerfest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sterility in Cow—Keeps Poor—Crack Between the Hoofs.

Subscriber, Phelps, Missouri: At times a well-bred cow, as yours is, will not breed to a high-bred bull. When cows are not barren, the trouble may be overcome by proper care. Give your cow a handful of salts every other day for a week, and about 20 days before she comes in heat, begin feeding hemp seed, say half a pint, and then give her a young, vigorous bull as a companion. Examine the rape seed for a month after the bull is put with her. If she does not conceive, then you will have to put her in with a mongrel bull, which at times results favorably. After the salts have been given, feed her liberally, and give the following for a week: Sulphate of iron 2 drs., powdered nux vomica 1 dr., powdered gentian, 1 dr. This powder daily in any food. As you do not say how your cow's foot is cracked, we infer that she is suffering from foul claw. To cure this, draw a piece of cloth, about six inches wide, through her claws, dipping it into soapsuds water until all the dirt is washed out. Then clean away all decayed matter about the foot, and apply this between the toes with a feather: Chloride of zinc, 15 grs.; water, 1 oz. Dip a piece of tow in this, after using the feather, and put it between the toes. The cow must be kept away from sandy roads or mud while under treatment.

Lumps Left From Big Head.

C. P. B., (no state): A good preparation to reduce lumps of the kind you name is: Iodine ½ oz., glycerine 2 ozs., mercurial ointment 2 ozs., olive oil 6 ozs. In cases where the bone has been affected with osteo sarcoma, or pig head, it is impossible at times to remove the lumps.

Shoe Boil or Capped Elbow.

J. W. T., Newburg, N. Y.: Yes, the shoe boil on your horse may be removed without endangering the life of your horse. It is the outcome of repeated crushing and bruising of the soft parts between the elbow point and the heel of the shoe in the act of laying down. When the evil is first noticed a thick pad must be adjusted so as to fall over the heel, hanging, apron-like, by being strapped with a leather thong round the pastern, whenever the horse is expected to lie down. If the bruise is of recent date, apply acetic acid, 2 ozs.; ether, 1 oz.; distilled water, 17 ozs.; mix. One or two folds of linen are to be spread over the inflamed parts and kept constantly wet with this lotion. This will reduce the inflammation. It must be kept on for a day or two. The horse should be given a pint and a half of raw linseed oil, and no corn given. Also give the animal this: rosin, 1 oz.; saltpetre, 2 ozs. Make into 12 powders and give in feed twice a day. After the inflammation is out, take of iodine, ½ oz.; soap liniment, 6 ozs.; rub this all around the bruise. If the part is broken, wash with carbolic acid 1 part to 20 of water. If there is pus in the lump, it may be lanced and afterward injected with chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. If the lump has become callus, and above treatment does not reduce it, a competent veterinarian should be called, who will dissect it out. This should not be attempted by one not fully conversant with the anatomy of the horse.

Very Likely Pink-eye.

Enquirer, Lawn Ridge, Missouri: You describe pink-eye pretty closely. The earliest symptoms are weakness, hanging head and trembling; loss of appetite and watery discharge from the eyes. The nose discharges a white, yellowish or greenish matter. Bowels generally bound, and urine scanty. At times there are rheumatic swellings and tenderness in the muscles and joints of the limbs, and may last for a length of time, forming abscesses. Death, in this disease, results from weakness, exhaustion, suffocation, paralysis, or clots forming in the heart. The treatment should avoid all bleeding or purging. Good nursing is indispensable. Blanket and wrap well, and give soft, nourishing food. If the cough is distressing, Dr. Chauncey recommends extract of belladona ½ oz., powdered opium 2 drachms, powdered camphor 3 drachms, powdered licorice 2 ozs., molasses 1 pint. Mix well together and smear a spoonful on the tongue two or three times a day. The animal should be given carbonate of ammonia 2 ozs., gentian 2 ozs.; make into eight balls with linseed meal, and give one night and morning. An ounce of saltpetre should be placed in the drinking water once a day for five or six days. The following is excellent to allay the epizootic cough, sore throat and catarrh: Iodine 20 grains, iodide of potassium 1 drachm, sweet spirits of nitre 2 ozs., water gruel 1 pint. For one dose, two or three times a day.

Trouble With Young Pigs.

C. A. F., Verona, Illinois: The trouble with your young pigs breathing hard, may be traced, we think, to the sow. Place a tablespoonful of salts in slop fed, once every other day, and give to her until three doses are taken. Put coal ashes in the pen for her to root in. Oats, wheat and barley ground together make an excellent food for a sow during the period of pigs sucking.

Fever Sore After Distemper.

T. B. C., Red Rock, Montana: To treat the sore that discharges pus, on the right fore leg, midway between the knee and body, take a knife with a small blade and excoriate the part to the bottom. You should not cut deeply—only sufficient to touch the sides of the sinus so that when the remedy is applied granulation will occur. After using the knife, poultice with linseed meal for two or three days. Wash off with warm soap and water, and inject into the part affected the following: Chloride of zinc 1 drachm, water 1 pint. See that the poulticing is well done before commencing the injections, which should be made once a day for several days.

Tumor as Hard as Bone on a Horse's Head Close to the Eye.

C. L., Sleepy Eye, Minnesota: The formation of the hard tumor over the eye of the horse you name, was the result of the fever in the animal manifesting itself in the place named while the horse had the strangles. This should have been attended to before it ran into a callous condition. The best thing now is to excoriate the tumor to the bottom with a sharp knife, in order that granulation may take place. After the sinus has been freshened up, inject into it chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water 1 pint. The injection should be made once a day for a week, at least. To reduce the hard lump, mix iodine, 1 drachm; lard, 1 ounce; rub this in freely all over the lump, but not on the sore.

Itch or Mange in Horse.

C. C. G., Kidderville, Kansas: To treat the disease named, scrub the horse with a coarse brush, and then wash him with castile soap and dry him thoroughly. Then take of sulphur, 4 ozs.; lard, 10 ozs.; carbolic acid, ¼ oz. Mix and apply, letting remain on for a full day, then wash off with soap and water, and re-apply; let remain for a day or two. It may be necessary to repeat this after ten days. Before applying give the horse 3 drachms aloes and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. Rub the stalls and rubbing posts with the above ointment. The trouble comes from an insect, and is contagious.

Too Kind to Them.

W. A. B., Parkersburg, Iowa: The cause of your four months old pigs having weak backs, is over-feeding with corn and milk. Corn is a very heating food for pigs of their age. Feed oats and wheat, with a good proportion of bran, for two weeks. Milk is good. Make up some soft feed, and for each pig put in it a teaspoonful of sulphur and a tablespoonful of charcoal. Give this every other day for a week. Rub about a teaspoonful of turpentine on the small of the back of each pig once a day for four or five days. Keep them in dry quarters, especially when feeding the sulphur. At such time the pigs should not be allowed to get out in the rain or into damp places. Pigs are very subject to weak back if feed on too rich food.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Oak Trees from Acorns—Best Trees to Plant.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Would like to ask if there are any readers of THE BLADE who have tried growing oak trees from acorns? And how and at what time planted? Also, the opinion of some one in Nebraska as to the best trees to plant on timber clearing, the seed of which can be planted in the fall of the year?—W. E. CHAMBERS, Los Angeles, Col. [Any information relating to the planting of trees, the best kind to plant, and preparation of soil, will be interesting to many readers.—ED.]

Wants a Little History.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one send a history of the Farmers' Alliance, from its organization to the present? Also explain the practical working of the order. Any person or persons by answering the foregoing will confer a favor on a number of members of the organization.—A. M. COLLINS, Doyal, Tenn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Protection Against Flies.

The plague of flies touches a very tender spot—the pocketbook—for it causes animals to lose flesh, or at least to make less gain than they otherwise would. By affording protection to the animals we save money as truly as we do by giving them comfortable shelter. The best protection for hogs is the wallow. Though cattle have tough hides, flies occasion them much discomfort, and it is humane and profitable to make for them a smudge. In some situations this is necessary in order to retain seasons. The animals soon learn to take advantage of the smoke.

Horses suffer greatly from flies, on account of a tender skin and a sensitive nervous organization. When we have them at work, their struggles against their tormentors are annoying to us. It is unpleasant to use animals kicking, biting and stamping at flies. For farm teams the cheapest protection is leather nets. With reasonable care these will last for years. They should be cleaned and oiled at least once a month while they are in use, or the sweat of the animals will rapidly rot them. They increase the warmth of the animals as little as any efficient protection.

The legs of horses require protection even more than their bodies. Flies choose the legs, as the skin on these parts is thinner and the blood vessels are nearer the surface. It is strange that we do not oftener see the legs of the animals protected, as the flies are not much disturbed by stamping. Legrins from old overalls, or made from burlaps, are good material. The man ashamed to drive a team so protected, about his farm, has more false pride than good sense. Leggings made like the leather nets for the body are in the end the cheapest, and can be made by any harness-maker.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Wintering Bees.

Those who have a fall harvest for their bees, either great or small, should take advantage of the last days of the honey flow to properly prepare the bees for wintering safely. See that they have six combs (or its equal) full of honey, in the brood apartment. If they do not have this amount when you examine them, take out empty combs, and replace them with full ones until they have this. It is much better to have honey to spare in a hive in spring, and if in brood combs it will keep as well there as anywhere. Having supplied the requisite stores, take a few sticks, each half an inch square, and of a length equal to the inside of the hive across the top of frames, where they should be laid. Then cover over with a piece of burlap, or cotton cloth, and fill upper story of hive with leaves, chaff, or broken straw, to absorb moisture and retain heat above the cluster. The sticks should be laid in twos, and a bee space ⅜ to ⅝ of an inch should remain between them to enable the bees to get safely from one of the stores to another in winter, without much loss of heat from the cluster, as would be the case if there was a large bee space over the whole hive. We tried inverted wooden butter plates last winter on some hives, but they are not so satisfactory as the sticks, though much better than nothing, as the bees sometimes formed quite a cluster under the plate, and the moisture condensed on them, making them unpleasant to handle. This was not perceptible in early spring, when breeding had commenced. Bees may be lost in this way at a time when greatly needed.—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

Spaying Cows.

We are informed by a reliable authority that the cruel practice of spaying cows and heifers has been followed to such extent in the Far West as to quite seriously diminish the number of calves. In fact, it appears that so much of this work has been done that the cattle supply from the plains will be not a little influenced thereby in the next two or three years. Men who have watched the Western markets for years inform us that the prospects are unusually bright for better prices for beef cattle. Very heavy shipments are now being made to Europe and there is every reason to believe that this business will continue. In fact, the prospects for beef growers in sections where the dressed beef people come to buy rather than to sell are good. The prospects for hogs is not so encouraging just at present. The supply of hogs at the west seems to be above the average, and if the corn crop turns out to be better than is now expected, there will be a rush to market the hogs for which there will be no corn. This will surely result in unsatisfactory prices. —*Rural New Yorker.*

Wheat Growers' Convention.

The "Farmers' Federation" at Topeka, Kansas, August 14, adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, By reason of new systems in business and the combinations against us, we are not, as an agricultural class, enjoying equal privileges with the manufacturing and commercial classes, and from the inequality of exchange have for the past ten years been sorely oppressed by the low prices of farm products; and

WHEREAS, In consequence of the depressed condition of the wheat market and the conflicting reports of the world's supply of this cereal, be it therefore

Resolved, That a convention of wheat growers of the Mississippi Valley, be and is hereby called to meet at St. Louis, on Wednesday, October 23, for the purpose of discussing measures for relief, and to form a wheat growers' association.

Resolved, That the apportionment of representatives of said convention be one delegate from each county in the respective states and territories included in the Mississippi Valley. And that the primaries to appoint delegates to said convention be held at the county seats on October 1, and that we request that the proceedings of said primaries be immediately forwarded to this office, Topeka, Kan.

Resolved, That any farmer in the United States or Territories who has grown 500 or more bushels of wheat the past year, and shall certify the fact to the president before the meeting of the said St. Louis convention, may be admitted as a delegate to said convention. Also, all editors of the agricultural press of the United States shall be entitled to seats in said convention.

Resolved, That we advise the farmers of the northwestern states and territories to hold their wheat off the market until after the meeting of the St. Louis convention of wheat growers, unless such prices be offered as will justify a reasonable profit over the cost of production, or $1 per bushel for wheat. Farmers assenting to this suggestion are requested to send their names to the office with statement of bushels of wheat on hand, grade, etc.

Johnson Grass.

Johnson grass, when cut frequently, gives very heavy crops, of coarse grass, in the Southern states, on rich, well-drained land, but we know of no instance of its proving permanently valuable at the North. An objection South is, the difficulty to eradicate it. Floods and standing water destroy it. It is often winter-killed at the North. Dr. Vasey says, as quoted by Dr. Beal, "it has been tried in Kansas with very promising results," and Prof. Shelton says it has been tried on the Kansas college farm four years, and "its total worthlessness has become conspicuous." These conflicting statements indicate the great uncertainty of promise as far north as Kansas.—*Country Gentleman.*

American Horses.

Every season American horses become more prominent. The matter is an American institution, and the question which is becoming quite interesting to the breeders of future "two-tenners" is, "what part of the country is best adapted to breeding him, or where shall be found the best land for putting into horse food all the brain, muscle and staying qualities necessary in the coming horse? The bluegrass region of Kentucky has long been noted for good horses, and doubtless Kentucky will long be devoted to horse-breeding. Good saddle horses come from the neighboring states, while occasionally a writer asserts that Illinois, with its wonderful prairies, possesses equal qualifications with Kentucky. From California, we hear of Senator Stanford's stables at Palo Alto, and of the horses raised in other parts of the state. Montana raises immense numbers of horses, and way off at the other end of the route comes in little Jersey with her claims as a horse-breeding state.

All over the country, men of intelligence are going into the business. He who gives to the world the best production of its kind, has made the world just so much the better for his having lived in it, whether it be a fine horse or a fine grade of grain. A fine horse is a most desirable possession, no matter what his work may be, and Americans are not going to be satisfied with second-class horses when it is shown to be possible to raise those that are first-class upon American soil. That this is possible is already proved, and the day is not far distant when it will not be necessary to import stallions for breeding purposes. Most attention at present is paid to speed, since the thoroughbred and the trotter are the rage of to-day. By and by we shall have some body raising the best "walker" for farm use, the "biggest" horse for the trucker, and the finest-formed animal for stylish turnouts.

A writer in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* says of the Montana horse:

"At the present day he is a fine animal, graded up from the Indian ponies by the introduction of full-blooded or high-grade Clyde, Norman or Percheron, and stallions of many other excellent breeds. Of medium height and weight, long winded, with great endurance and fairly speedy, with good hoofs, strong legs, muscular body, intelligent head, and an eye as keen as a hawk's, he is an animal which is forcing recognition in the horse markets of the world as an all-purpose horse.

These horses are raised on ranges. A hundred mares are bought and then two or three stallions of any breed desired are brought from the eastern markets. They feed out on the range nearly all the year round, and the owner's profit comes with the colts. Nearly half of Montana is grazing land, and it is claimed that when Montana comes in as a state, "her beautiful and spirited horses will figure next to her gold silver as her greatest source of prosperity."

California sends us trotters chiefly. Kentucky runs the saddle horses, and a good recommendation from your "cob" is that he came from Kentucky. New York and Pennsylvania spend more time and attention upon the work horse, while from New Jersey some of the best cutting stock of the country may be obtained.

So the answer to the question, what part of the country is best adapted to horse breeding?—might be, all parts of it, according to the kind of horse desired. Suffice it that the American horse is an institution, and if American soil can be made to furnish him with all the requisites for power, muscle and speed, if only our farmers will fertilize and till it with this end in view, viz: here horses are to be bred which shall be first-class in every respect.—E. S. TITUS, in *Country Gentleman.*

Received.

The *California Cackler*, devoted to poultry and kindred industries. California Cackler Co., San Francisco.

American Poultry Journal, devoted to poultry, pigeons, and pet stock. Chicago, Ill.

APPEALING FOR AID.

Men, Women and Children Starving to Death.

An appeal to the public through the press is made by Henry D. Lloyd, formerly on the editorial staff of one of the Chicago morning papers. Mr. Lloyd has made a personal investigation on his own account of the condition of the Illinois miners. He says:

"There is greater need than ever of help for the starving men, women and children of Spring Valley, in this state. There are thousands of sufferers there from want of food, clothing, medicine and sympathy. Most of the sufferers are children, and most of the children are little ones.

"I have just returned from Spring Valley. Instead of the light of health, there shines in the eyes of the men and women the phosphorescence of decaying strength, and the children, fatally weakened by want, are dying of diphtheria.

"There are families where adults and children, grievously sick, are without medical attendance and medicines, because there is no money to pay for them.

"The men at Spring Valley are not strikers. They did not lose their work by striking. It was taken away from them. They are the victims of two lockouts. April 29, without previous notice of any kind, all the miners were told to take away their tools and leave the mines, which were closed. In the afternoon their livelihood was taken from them. They had had no thought or plan of striking. They were not even given the chance of working for lower wages. From the day they received this notice to quit until Mr. W. L. Scott, of Erie, made his recent offer to them of a reduction of wages from ninety cents a ton to the equivalent of about fifty-five cents or less, coupled with the demand that they give up their labor unions, these men have been waiting in involuntary idleness to learn what was to be their fate. Before the lockout they earned on the average, according to their own figures, about $30 a month; according to figures given me by an official of the company they earned about $43 a month. If these were their earnings at ninety cents a ton what would they be at fifty-five cents a ton?

"There is need of food and clothing of all kinds, especially for the children. All the things which men, women or children want in health or illness, and which are so plentiful in this fortunate city, are needed now at Spring Valley.

"That a community of 5,000 persons in the state of Illinois be in the throes of starvation, and has been so for months, is a public scandal and catastrophe which would seem to demand as prompt and thorough action from the government and the people as the Johnstown disaster, and I trust the press and public will use all their influence to request the governor to take instant action. Whatever the merits of the disputes as to wages, the starving must be fed and the children saved."

CRONIN CASE.

The Blood Stains on the Walls of the Carlson Cottage Cause a Discussion.

Proceedings in the Cronin trial were resumed at Chicago on Sept. 5. The first thing that occupied the attention of the court was the petition of Attorney Forest, for the defense, that the experts of the defense be allowed to obtain and examine specimens of the bloodstains found in the trunk, the Carlson cottage, the cotton batting and the towel found in the catchbasin.

The court decided that it might be done if the state were represented by its experts at the time of its experiments. Mr. Forest tried hard to get the court to order that the experts for the defense be allowed to get some of the specimens from the wall of the Carlson cottage, agreeing to divide them evenly with the state. He charged that the state had interfered to prevent the States Attorney Longenecker poohpoohed this statement. Judge McConnell declined to take any action on that point.

Then the examination of talesman was resumed.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, Sept. 7, says: Real improvement is seen in almost every department of business. With each week it becomes more certain that the crops of the year will be large, and of late the news from abroad has clearly indicated a larger foreign demand, while such speculation as might arrest the outward movement of grain and provisions has thus far been prevented.

In cotton, on the other hand, the present scarcity rules the price, in spite of bright prospects as to the coming crop.

The effect of heavy bond purchases by the treasury has been great in the stock market, and is now felt in much better demand for commercial paper, while the prevailing opinion in the street is that all danger of monetary stringency is over for the year.

The reports from other cities are unusually satisfactory, indicating at every point either improvement or continuance of previous activity where the expansion of trade has been greatest.

At Chicago, August live stock receipts were larger than for any other month, and grain receipts increase, though receipts of provisions fall off.

Sales and collections are up to the average, and the supply of money is ample for the demand, though there is slight tendency to hold off for better rates. At Omaha and St. Paul heavy business continues, and at Kansas City there is increase with money at all points in fair supply and collection fair. The demand is brisk at Milwaukee, but the supply ample; at Detroit collections better and business increasing with the close of the long drought.

At Cleveland there is great activity, especially in ore and pig iron, and the demand for ore seems to have actually exhausted the supply for the season.

At Pittsburg and Philadelphia improvement continues in the iron business, and glass is fairly active, as are liquors, drugs and chemicals at Philadelphia, and building permits for the year thus far have been 7,451, against 5,913 to date last year. But trade in wool and coal is dull.

At Boston, however, wool is selling more freely, 2,672,000 pounds for the week, largely of Montana and Ohio fleece, at some concessions to prices, but more confidence is felt.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on Sept. 7:

POSTMASTERS.—Edward B. Scott, Batavia, O., vice Stephen Cramer, removed; Nelson A. Fulton, Kenia, O., vice M. W. Gaunce, removed; Wilbur T. Norton, Alton, Ill., vice T. H. Perrin, removed; John A. Childs, Evanston, Ill., vice George A. Hess, removed; Jacob Friendlich, Mt. Sterling, Ill., vice George W. McMillan, removed; Howard Wells, Rock Island, Ill., vice August Huesing, removed; Harry Sanderson, Winchester, Ill., vice Samuel Berry, removed; Ellen Marquis Dodge, Webb City, Mo., in place of Ellen Marquis, she having changed her name by marriage; A. B. Roberts, Montrose, Cal., vice E. A. Budd, removed; Wm. P. Toller, Bristol, Tenn, vice John Slack, removed; John W. Stone, Chattanoog , Tenn., vice John W. Martin, removed; Andrew W. Willis, Nashville, Tenn., vice John C. Curry, resigned; Dolph Edwards, Sanford, Fla., vice Job J. Harris, removed; Wm. W. Hancock, Meridian, Miss., vice J. J. Shannon, removed; Mrs. Mary C. Matthews, Winona, Miss., vice D. L. Young, removed; Thomas W. Florer, Waxahachie, Tex , vice Harry E. Pickett, removed.

MISCELLANEOUS—Edwin Dun, to be secretary of the legation of the United States to Japan; Arthur W. Barrett, of Massachusetts, to be secretary of the legation of the United States to Venezuela; William R. Gardiner, jr., of Indiana, to be second secretary of the legation of the United States to Japan.

CONSULS OF THE UNITED STATES—Joseph T. Mason, of Virginia, at Maracaibo; Bernard G. Macauley, of New York, Managua, Nicaragua; Auleck Palmer, of the District of Columbia, at Dresden; John D. De Little, of Texas, at Bristol; Thomas H. Anderson, of Ohio, minister resident and consul general of the United States at Bolivia.

PENSION RULING.

A Man in a Fight With a Comrade Is Not in the Line of Duty.

Assistant Secretary of the Interior Bussey has refused to reconsider the request of John W. Shields that an earlier departmental decision affirming a rejection by the Pension bureau of his claim for invalid pension be overruled. Shields claimed a pension on account of an injury of the left thumb which was rejected November 6, 1886, on the ground that at the time he incurred the alleged injury he was engaged in a fight with a comrade, and consequently was not in the line of duty.

In its former decision the department referred to the fact that the claimant had filed some evidence tending to show that the assault was made upon him without provocation and that he made no resistance, and held that the question as to whether or not claimant was responsible for the fight was entirely immaterial, as in either case the injury was not the direct or natural result of the service. Mr. Bussey refers to an affidavit made by a comrade of Shields, setting forth the circumstances of the fracas in which claimant was injured, and says that it is believed that upon refreshing his recollection by a perusal of the affidavit the claimant will be convinced that he was not strictly in the line of duty when his thumb was hurt.

TAX ON TOBACCO.

It Promises to be a Factor in the Speakership Contest.

Southern Republicans have resolved to force action on the proposition to repeal the internal revenue tax on tobacco, and to this end they have united to support Representative L. C. Houk, of Tennessee, for the speakership of the House.

Of course no one imagines that the judge, popular as he is, will be elected. But he and his friends hold the balance of power and will hand it over only to the candidate who pledges himself to aid in the removal of what the people of the south honestly believe to be an iniquitous tax.

John W. Bradford, prominent in Southern politics, said to-day: "It is more than likely that the President will touch upon the proposed repeal of the tobacco tax in his first message, and we expect that the declaration will be in our favor.

"I see that the commissioner of Internal Revenue favors the repeal of this tax and it is reasonable to assume that the administration will be with us."

The Ohio and Virginia Campaigns.

Political interest now is centered upon the campaigns in Ohio and Virginia, and every politician who comes to this city has something to say about these two States.

It is generally conceded that in nominating Campbell the Buckeye Democrats put up their strongest candidate, while in placing him upon a free trade platform they showed political sagacity. They appeal to both wings of the party. To the protectionists they say, "Here is Campbell whose protection record is well known; if you don't like the platform vote for the man." To the free traders they say, "The platform is all right, and as Campbell accepted the nomination on that platform he is certainly in sympathy with its principles." I was talking with a prominent Ohio Democrat, yesterday, and he was felicitating the party on its ticket and platform.

"Do you honestly think you can win?" I asked.

"Well," was his reply, "I am not prepared to give an affirmative answer. I think we have a better chance to win than we have had in years, for I recognize the fact that Ohio is a Republican state, and that if the Republicans nute Gov. Foraker will surely be re-elected."

He then went on to say that there was a good deal of disaffection on the part of the Republicans, and this he thought would lose them many votes, so that Campbell had a fighting chance.

Within a short time afterward I met an Ohio Republican who is fully posted upon affairs in his state, and talked to him on the subject. He admitted that there was some disaffection, but claimed that it could all be overcome before election day. "What we need," said he, "is not only to reelect Gov. Foraker, but to secure a Republican majority in the state legislature, so that we can send a Republican United States Senator to this city, in place of Senator Payne. Now, if John Sherman has the interest of the Republican party in Ohio at heart, and will come back and take part in the campaign, we can accomplish both results. Some of Sherman's friends talk about knifing Foraker for what they call his treacherous conduct at Chicago, but Foraker has explained his action there in a manner that ought to be perfectly satisfactory. John Sherman can't afford to have his friends talk in that way, nor can he afford to remain away during this campaign. We have everything in good shape, only we must present a united front at the polls, and Sherman ought to be as much interested in securing a Republican governor and a Republican legislature as any other man in the state. His own future depends upon his course in this campaign."

As for Virginia, Mahone is going to prosecute a vigorous campaign, and his object is not only to be elected governor, but to secure a Republican legislature. He is a splendid organizer, and has already commenced getting his forces in order. He will have the countenance and support of the administration and the active aid of the Republican national committee. The kickers have no great following, and the name of Mahone is a terror to the Virginia Democracy. If he can get a fair vote and an honest count, I believe Mahone will be elected. If he is, it will be the first break in the Solid South, and will make the Old Dominion a Republican state in the future.

The President Plants a Tree at the Wanamaker Home.

President Harrison, accompanied by Postmaster General Wanamaker, left Philadelphia for Washington at 11:27 on September 6.

The closing of the President's visit to the Postmaster General's Chelton Hills residence was this morning marked by the planting of a tree.

The family and guests arose about 7 o'clock, and after breakfast the party sat on the front porch for a half hour and the President announced that he was ready to do the planting. A spade was procured and, armed with it, and accompanied by the postmaster-general, Col Elliott F. Shepard of the New York *Mail and Express*, and Rodman Wanamaker who carried the small tree, the place of planting was visited. It is about a square east of the residence and near the spot where Gov. Beaver planted a tree yesterday afternoon.

With his tall silk hat on the back of his head, and coat sleeves pu hed up nearly to his elbows, President Harrison commenced work. The soil was a little hard, the morning sun was very hot, and the presidential perspiration streamed down this distinguished diggers face but he stuck to it until the tree was properly placed. After the return to the house the party was photographed.

One More For Ohio.

The secretary of the Interior has appointed Mr. Albert F. Childs, of Ohio, as chief clerk of the Census office.

Mr. Childs was very strongly recommended for the position of chief clerk of the Census office by Secretary Windom, Senators Ingalls, Farwell and Chandler, Representative Butterworth, Major Powell, and others.

OUR FINANCES.

Correcting Misstatements About the Condition of the Public Debt.

Referring to certain newspaper statements that during the months of July and August of this year the public debt had been increased over $7,000,000, while during the same months in 1888 the debt had been decreased over $11,000,000, Secretary Windom said, on September 10:

Those statements convey an entirely erroneous impression. The fact is, as shown by the books of the treasury, that on the 30th of June, 1889, the total amount of the public debt, including bonds of all kinds, was $896,388,989, and on the 31st day of August it was only $875,478,807, showing a reduction of $20,910,180 during those two months.

The reduction during the same months of last year was only about one-third of that amount, viz: $7,051,270. The reduction of the annual interest charge on the public debt during the months of July and August, 1888, was only $291,301.10, while the reduction of the annual interest charge during the same month this year was $875,685.00, being a little more than three times as great a reduction as that of last year. In fact the reduction of annual interest in the public debt during the last two months has been equaled by only a few periods in the country's history, notably in President Garfield's administration, during the first two months of which the annual interest charge was reduced $15,347,882.

The erroneous newspaper conclusion above referred to arose, doubtless, from the peculiar form of the monthly statement of the public debt issued by this department, in which the amount of the debt is given, "Less cash in the treasury." By this form any increase of the cash in the treasury shows an apparent decrease of the debt; and disbursements for any purpose other than the purchase of bonds at par value, shows an apparent increase of the public debt equal to the amount of such disbursements.

For instance, if the public debt were stated to-day at "$800,000,000 less cash in the treasury," and to-morrow $10,000,000 should be paid out on warrants drawn by the other departments, the amount of the public debt less cash in the treasury, would be stated to-morrow (assuming no receipts) at $10,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that the entire $10,000,000 so drawn out may still be in hands of the bonded disbursing officers of the several departments, and to all intents and purposes as much the money of the government as if it were in the vaults of the treasury.

The facts during the last two months exactly correspond to this supposed case, and though the actual reduction of the debt was $20,610,180, the debt statement showed an apparent increase of $7,094,603.

The increase of disbursements made in July and August this year over July and August last year, is accounted for by the fact that most of the appropriation bills were not passed in 1888 until September and October, and the money was not available except to such limited amounts as were permitted by the "continuance resolutions" of congress, while in 1889 the appropriations for the entire year were available on July 1. Nearly all of the departments drew in July and August and placed in the hands of their bonded disbursing officers sums for future use largely in excess of the expenditures for those months. One of them will have balances on hand from such drafts of $5,000,000 after the September payments shall have been made.

The largest increase in the purchase of bonds for the sinking fund during the last two months over the corresponding months of last year, show an increase in the premium paid of $2,575,925.43.

All these things figure in the last "debt statement" as an increase in the public debt, while in reality they have nothing to do with it. It can easily be seen how such a misapprehension may arise from the form of the monthly statement, and therefore have taken the trouble to make this explanation.

Similar apparent additions to the public debt are quite common. For instance, in March, 1885, the apparent increase was $902,252; in September, 1885, it was $4,887,000; in 1887, $1,460,000; in November, 1888, $11,199,817, and in February, 1889, $6,443,344.

To Invade Virginia.

The Virginia campaign promises to be intensely hot. It is understood that Representatives McKinley and Tom Reed will meet Mahone in a few days to make arrangements for stumping the state for the Republican ticket. McKinley has worked Virginia before but Reed never made a speech in the state. A number of other Republican speakers will probably be impelled into the fight.

FOREIGN.

LONDON'S STRIKE.

Many Men Returning to Work at Advanced Wages.

There was a slight break in the ranks of the employes on September 5. Five wharfingers agreed to the men's terms, and upon their wharves work is now going on to the full capacity. At the other wharves men have congregated in large numbers, ready to go to work at a moment's notice, the wharfingers being all, so it is reported, ready to make terms with the strikers.

The aspect of affairs along the Thames is much the same as for weeks past. The men who have obtained work contribute one day's pay to the relief fund. John Burns declares that the dock men have given the dock companies a crushing blow "between wind and water."

Australia has sent £4,000 to aid the strikers.

The steam navigation company has conceded the strikers' terms, on Sept. 6. An increased number of wharf laborers were at work that day. The shipwrights in the employ of the Williamsons, at Workington, in Cumberland, have struck for an advance of four shillings weekly.

The Advance to London Workmen to be Granted Next Year.

The London dock companies, on Sept. 7, agreed to the demands of the strikers, but the rates of wages to be paid are to continue as at present, the advance rate not to go into effect till January 1.

AN EXPLOSION

Kills 300 and Wounds 1,000, in the City of Antwerp.

Three hundred persons were killed and 1,000 others injured in an explosion at Antwerp, on Sept. 7. The victims were nearly all girls, and were working in a cartridge factory. A great conflagration followed the explosion.

Many persons passed the night in the open air, dreading to remain in their homes owing to the explosions of petroleum which occurred. The village of Austruwell, in the suburbs, inhabited by artisans, was completely destroyed for hundreds of yards, and in its vicinity not a building escaped damage. All parts of the city show more or less damage, and portions have the appearance of having been bombarded.

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

A Heavy Tariff Imposed on Live Animals From the United States.

The Mexican government has revised article 1 of its customs tariff, wherein living animals are made free of duty, and imposed heavy duties on imported cattle, swine, sheep, mules and goats, a measure that cannot fail to have a most disastrous effect on the business of supplying Mexico City with meat from the United States.

This business has already grown to large proportions, and the railway companies have provided special stock and refrigerator cars to meet the growing wants of this profitable trade. Now the government steps in and places a duty of 10 cents per kilogram on fresh meat, $3 on each beef animal, $2 25 on pigs, $2 each on mules, and 35 cents on sheep. The decree goes into effect November 1.

Against Subsidies.

The Canadian Labor congress at Montreal on September 4 passed strong resolutions calling on the Dominion provincial governments to abolish the system of subsidising railways by land and money grants as detrimental to the interests of the country.

WISCONSIN'S PEARLS.

The Excitement in the Vicinity of Albany Continues Great.

The pearl excitement in the vicinity of Albany, Wisconsin, is now at its height. Although claims are getting scarce and the divers have to dig in the mud in the bottom of the river, the finds are more numerous and valuable than ever.

The largest and by far the most valuable pearl in Wisconsin was found on Sept. 5. A New York buyer offered $3,500 for it, but his figure was considered too low.

GENERAL NEWS.

WASHINGTON REPUBLICANS.

They Hold Their Convention and Nominate a Ticket.

The Republican Territorial convention met at Walla Walla, on September 5. After effecting a temporary organization the convention adjourned till evening; when the convention re-convened, permanent organization was effected with E. R. Stiles, of Tacoma, chairman.

The platform congratulates the delegates on the admission of Washington, in spite of the long-continued opposition of the Democracy, whose chief efforts have been to prevent it, for fear that the fraud and intimidation and reign of terror by which free expression will be prevented, will be useless with the accession of the new state.

The platform, like that of the Republicans adopted in Chicago in 1888, acknowledges the necessity of the revision of a protective tariff, but insists that it must be made by its friends instead of its enemies. Tariff for revenue only was rejected. The platform also denounces Democracy for its second attempt to force American labor into competition with pauper European labor; it recognizes the right of labor to organize for self-protection; and resolves that while the debt of the soldiers who saved the Union is too great to be repaid, that all legislation in recognition of such services, or to alleviate the needs of the sufferings of soldiers or widows, is approved. It commends liberal appropriations for river and coast defense, and favors legislation restoring and promoting the merchant marine.

On the first ballot ex-Gov. E. P. Ferry, of Seatle, was nominated for governor; John L. Wilson for Congress. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed.

Nominations were completed as follows: Lieutenant governor, Charles E. Laugnton; secretary of state, Allen Weir; auditor, Thos. M. Reed; treasurer, A. A. Lindsay; attorney-general, W. S. Jones; superintendent public instructions, R. V. Bryan; commissioner public lands, W. T. Forest; supreme judges, W. O. Dunbar, T. J. Anderson, J. Hoyt, Elmore Scott and T. S. Stiles.

NEW MEXICO.

The Territorial Convention Down to Business.

The state constitutional convention is fairly down to business. The committee on elective franchise made a lengthy report on September 7. It provides that six months' residence in the state shall be necessary before a man can vote, no religious test is required; no one convicted of crookedness in connection with elections shall be qualified to hold office.

The committee on congressional requirement and taxation made a report. It sets forth among other things that the state shall acknowledge all the territorial debts except those incurred during the late war, and known as militia claims; provide for perfect toleration of religious sentiment; that there shall be no preference by law for any religious institution; that the state may tax the lands held by any Indian who had severed his tribal relations; that the state shall establish a system of public schools open to all children in New Mexico alike, and free from sectarian control. A minority report was submitted which approved the majority report, except the clause relating to non-sectarian schools. The reports were sent to the calendar to come up at some future time. The committee's reference to the exclusion of militia claims created a great deal of comment. There are about $400,000 worth of claims outstanding, and many members of the convention are large holders.

The Catholic Won.

The state convention of New Mexico, at Santa Fe, on September 5, completed the permanent organization and agreed upon the appointment of eleven standing committees. The incident of the day was the election of chaplain, a Protestant minister being pitted against a Catholic, and the latter coming out victorious by a majority of ten. The committee expects to get down to hard work soon.

The time of the constitutional convention on September 10 was occupied in discussing articles presented by committees. The report of the committee on an executive franchise to be incorporated in the constitution was adopted, subject to revision. A constitutional provision that five years after the adoption of the constitution no person unable to read and write the English language shall exercise the right of suffrage, was referred to the committee on elective franchise.

South Dakota Democrats.

The first Democratic convention of South Dakota met in Huron on Sept. 4. Col. William R. Steel, of Deadwood, was chosen temporary chairman, and E. M. O'Brien, H. S. Volkamar and W. W. Goddard were made secretaries.

On the 6th the Democratic state convention adopted a platform indorsing and upholding Free trade, congratulating the people on statehood, opposing constitutional prohibition, sympathizing with labor organizations and pledging assistance to them, favoring minority representations, and arraigning Dakota Republicans for extravagance and mismanagement in territorial affairs.

The convention made the following nominations: Governor, P. F. McClure; lieutenant governor, A. W. Pratt; secretary of state, Otto P. Miller; auditor, J. E. Horton; treasurer, A. D. Hill; attorney general, H. Fellows; superintendent of public instruction, G. H. McFarlane; commissioner of public school lands, B. S. Valkmeyer; supreme judge, S. P. Buskirk, C. H. Wilson and D. McLaughlin; congressmen, L. O. Jeffries and J. M. Booth. A dispatch from Pierre, the home of Col. P. F. McClure, says that gentleman will not accept the nomination for governor.

Washington Democrats.

In the Democratic state convention which met at Ellensburg on Sept. 9, Sam. Wheelwright, of Tacoma, and Thomas C. Griffith of Spokane, were placed in nomination for congress. Griffith was chosen on the first ballot. Ex-Governor Eugene Semple, of Tacoma, was nominated for governor by acclamation.

Wyoming.

The constitutional convention assembled at Cheyenne on September 10. Two resolutions were introduced looking to the acknowledgement of God in the constitution. Grant, of Albany, proposed resolutions favoring the Australian system of voting, and each county being made a senatorial district. Jeffrey, of Laramie, favored an enactment clause prohibiting the bonding of any city or county to aid corporations.

Capital Honors.

The South Dakota fight for capital honors grows warmer daily. Upon the announcement that the Woonsocket Capital Investment company had decided in favor of Pierre, as announced in these dispatches, the other aspirants for the big prize tried to combine against what they denounced as a real estate speculation, and held a meeting for that purpose at Aberdeen. However, while they were strong in denunciation, none of them would do aught which might injure their own chance for the victory, and the attempt to combine against Pierre was a failure. At the present time that town seems in the lead, but Sioux Falls, Huron and half a dozen other places claim they will be the final victors.

A Duel in Which the Two Antagonists Could Shoot.

Malad City, in the southern edge of Idaho, has been thrown into excitement by a fatal duel which occurred on September 2 between two young men, Abraham Likes and June Springs, of Clark's Fiat. They came there last spring and went into partnership ranching. In a short time both fell in love with Jennie Trauts. Unable to settle the matter amicably, they went to the brookside with six-shooters, where each principal took position.

At the word both fired, Springs's bullet striking Likes in the left arm, Likes firing wide of the mark. Likes demanded another shot. This time both men fell to the ground. Springs was shot through the head and instantly killed. Likes received a bullet in the breast just above the heart and died in five minutes. Both were buried in the ravine by the ranchers. Miss Trauts is nearly crazed by the terrible event and it is feared she will end her own life.

Ohio's Flag.

During the last Presidential campaign the Republicans of Ohio offered a costly silk flag to the state polling the largest Republican majority. Kansas won the flag, and Governors Humphrey and Foraker in considering the matter have decided to make the presentation a national affair, at which guests from every state in the union will be asked to participate. The date for the presentation has not been fixed.

THE TERRY-FIELD CASE.

Attorney General Miller Ordered Field to be Protected.

The following is the letter from Attorney General Miller to Marshal Franks, of California, authorizing him to protect Justice Field and Judge Sawyer from assault b Judge Terry or wife, which has been introduced in the hearing of the case against the deputy marshal, Nagle:

WASHINGTON, April 27, 1889,

John G. Franks, United States Marshal:

The proceedings which have heretofore been had in connection with the case of Mr. and Mrs. Terry in your United States Circuit court have become a matter of public notoriety, and I deem it my duty to call your attention to the propriety of exercising unusual caution in case further proceedings shall be had in that case, for the protection of his honor, Justice Field, or whoever may be called upon to hear and determine the matter.

Of course I do not know what may be the feelings or purpose of Mr. and Mrs. Terry, in the premises, but many things have happened to indicate that violence on their part may not be impossible. It is due to the dignity and independence of the court, and the character of its judges, that no effort on the part of the government shall be spared to make them feel entirely safe and free from anxiety in the performance of their high duty.

You will understand, of course, that this letter is not for the public, but to put you upon your guard. It will be proper for you to show it to the district attorney, if you think best.

Yours, truly, W. H. MILLER,
Attorney-General.

Subsequently Marshal Franks asked and was granted permission to employ special deputies to protect the judges. In his official report to the department under date of August 21, Marshal Franks says that in obedience to the instructions of the department, he had constantly exercised the utmost caution for the protection of Justice Field and Judge Sawyer from violence by D. S. Terry and wife. Of the assault in the dining room at Lathrop, Marshal Franks says that Terry struck Justice Field twice before Deputy Marshal Nagle interfered.

He continues: "Terry was a man of very large physique and of great strength. His passions were apparently beyond his own control and he was most ready with a knife, a weapon which he himself declared he had habitually carried for 30 years. Nagle was a man of slight build, and he well knew Terry's violent character and skill with weapons. When he saw good reason to believe that Terry so far from being deterred by official warning to stop, was desperately determined to take the life of Justice Field, Nagle prevented it in the only way any reasonable person conversant with the facts will pretend he could have done.

"It will be shown that there were not two seconds between Justice Field's life and the shot from Nagle's pistol that saved it."

Accompanying the report are a number of exhibits containing information in connection with the tragedy and subsequent proceedings.

One of them is a pamphlet giving an account of the proceedings before Judge Sawyer in September, 1888, when Marshal Franks says: "Terry desperately resisted my officers, flourishing his knife and endeavoring to do violence, notwithstanding the pistol of the marshal was leveled at his head."

At Lathrop he had every advantage, and was on the point of completing his desperate enterprise with only Nagle and Justice Field to oppose him.

Another exhibit is Judge Sawyer's narration of the facts attending the gross insult to him by Mrs. Terry on the train between Los Angeles and San Francisco, August 14, 1888, while in company with her husband, which has been greatly exaggerated by Mrs. Terry.

Mrs. Terry, he says, merely twitched his hair where it was short, as she passed him in the aisle of the car. He hardly felt it and no one but himself, Mr. and Mrs. Terry and a Mr. Cowles noticed the action. Later on the trip the judge says Mrs. Terry contemptuously passed upon him with her parasol but was deterred from attempting it by the presence and attitude of two passengers to whom Judge Sawyer had spoken of the hair pulling incident, and requested them to observe the future actions of the Terrys closely. In a subsequent letter Deputy Marshal Franks denies the statement of certain papers that Nagle was a "killer" of the border ruffian type, and asserts that his reputation was that of a peaceable, law-abiding man, but of much courage, which had been proven on several occasions.

In the habeas corpus proceedings, T. T. Williams, a reporter, testified that he visited Judge Terry while the latter was confined in the Alameda county jail a year ago and that during a conversation Terry threatened to pull Justice Field's nose or slap his face. The witness suggested that Judge Field might use weapons to defend himself, when Terry intimated that he would be pleased to have Field attempt to use a weapon on him.

P. Weygandt testified that he visited Judge Terry in jail and Terry said he would kill Judge Sawyer if it became necessary.

J. P. Cosgrave, a newspaper reporter, stated that he called upon Judge Terry at Fresno, after the latter's release from jail, and asked for an expression of his intentions regarding Justice Field. Terry declined to be interviewed, and said he had no intentions regarding him. As witness was leaving, Mrs. Terry came to him and said it was unfortunate that the country no longer recognized the code, for if it did Justice Field would have a chance to try his skill in shooting.

Acting Under Instructions.

Marshal Franks testified that upon the arrival of Justice Field in San Francisco, June 17 last, he appointed David Nagle and two other deputy marshals to protect Field from assault. He gave them instructions to these men to look out for Justice Field when the latter left for Los Angeles about August 7. He instructed Nagle to accompany him, watch the Terrys and prevent them from doing Justice Field any violence. He called Nagle's attention to the fact that Terry was not an ordinary man, and if he met Field it would probably be difficult to control him. He told Nagle that in his opinion Terry would assault Field, and if he did, Nagle would have to act quickly. Witness said that although Terry might only intend to insult Field when he saw him, he did not believe Terry could control his temper, and would probably immediately use his knife. He warned Nagle to take no chances, but to protect Justice Field at all hazards.

NAGLE ON THE STAND.

The Case Continued Until September 11, When the Jurisdiction Question Will be Argued.

Deputy Marshal David Nagle was examined in the Federal court, at San Francisco on September 7, and related the details of the tragedy in the Lathrop dining-room last month. He said that when Judge Terry approached Justice Field he had no idea he was going to make an attack, but before he could interfere Terry slapped the justice on the face with his right hand, and repeated the blow with his left hand, striking the justice a second time on the back of the head.

Nagle continued: "I was on my feet in an instant and throwing out my right hand to keep Terry off, I shouted, 'Stop that, I am a United States officer.' Terry then directed his attention to me. He had his right arm in position as if about to deliver another blow, and as he turned his glance upon me he looked like an infuriated beast. His clenched fist immediately sought his bosom. Believing my life was in danger, I immediately drew my pistol with my left hand and catching it with my right, fired two shots in quick succession and Terry fell to the floor.

"I believe Terry would have cut me to pieces and perhaps Judge Field if I had not acted promptly. He looked like a maddened giant. I knew he had always carried a knife, and I believed he had one on him then. I knew him to be a giant in strength and proposed to take no chances with him. For that reason I held my pistol in both hands so that he could not take it away from me. After the shooting was over and I had got Justice Field on the train again I told the conductor to look out for Mrs. Terry, for I did not like to injure a woman, but would protect Justice Field."

Nagle's examination concluded the testimony and the case was continued until September 11, when the question of the jurisdiction of the federal court will be argued.

Peculiar Accident to the Great Western Flyer.

The limited train from the East over the Pennsylvania road was 35 minutes late on arriving at Pittsburg on Sept. 5, having passed through one of the most unexpected as well as surprising accidents which has happened since the vestibule train has been started. Between Philadelphia and Harrisburg the roofs of the two forward coaches caught fire through the friction which wore off the rubber casing and got the steel plates red-hot.

The fire was easily extinguished at Harrisburg, but the fact of the fire being so easily originated has set the railroad people thinking of a new way to obviate such accidents. The train went through to Chicago without changing cars but a meeting will be held within a few days to devise some means of avoiding this new danger to vestibuled trains.

CROP REPORT.

Statistics from the Department of Agriculture.

The cotton report of the statistician of the department of Agriculture for September represents the crop as comparatively late. Too abundant moisture is generally reported, producing a rank weed and retarding the development of bolls. Rust has appeared quite generally on sandy uplands.

The grey soils of the Atlantic coast show most rust. The red lands and heavy soils have been less effected or entirely exempt. Drought has not been reported except in the light pine lands of Mississippi, similar soils in Louisiana, and in a considerable part of Texas. In these districts there was abundant moisture till June or July.

There has been considerable dropping off of bloom and young bolls in the areas most effected by extremes of moisture and temperature. The plants are still growing and blooming in most locations, though in light soils the bolls are small and not developing rapidly. The general average of condition is 86 6 against 89 3 last month, and 83 8 in September of last year. The state averages are as follows:

Virginia, 92; North Carolina, 79; South Carolina, 87; Georgia, 90; Florida, 94; Alabama, 91; Mississippi, 88; Louisiana, 91; Texas, 81; Arkansas, 99; Tennessee, 84. The presence of the caterpillar and ball worm is reported in all the gulf states and Arkansas.

The first brood of the former has webbed up and preparations are generally made for a vigorous use of Paris green and London purple, which have been very effective with the first generation. The damage has been slight east of the Mississippi and not generally serious further west with a few exceptions. Correspondents recognize the largest value in the present crop of the factors of good autumn weather and late killing frosts in determining the aggregate of production.

VEST PULLED DOWN.

Armour Refuses to Come Before the Commission and Testify.

As Messrs. Swift, Armour and others failed to answer the summons to appear before the Senate committee, at Chicago on Sept. 5 the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, Philip Armour, Nelson Morris, Louis F. Swift, Frank E. Vogel, J. S. Newman and Gustavus F. Swift having been duly and lawfully summoned to appear as witnesses before this committee, having repeatedly refused to obey the same, it is ordered that the facts be reported to the chairman of the senate of the United States at its next session in pursuance of chapter 7 of the revised statutes of the United States.

Before the committee adjourned Senator Vest said he had a telegram about which he intended to ask Mr. Armour had he appeared, but as he did not appear he would make it public. The telegram is as follows:

FAIRELAND, Pa., Dec. 18, 1888.

Can't allow Schwab to continue killing live stock. If he will not stop make other arrangements, and make the price so we can get his trade. ARMOUR & Co.

Mr. Armour, when interviewed by an Associated Press, said:

The reason we did not appear before the Senatorial committee was that we knew we could not expect fair treatment from the hands of Mr. Vest, who is notoriously on record as opposed to the dressed beef business. He is the champion and avowed enemy of the unadulterated cattle markets and opposed to Chicago interests. He has been friendly to all hostile beef inspection bills that have been introduced in the various state legislatures against Chicago dressed beef, which, if passed, would have destroyed this business.

We are perfectly willing to appear before an impartial committee, and give any information pertaining to our business which is not of a strictly private nature. We have never exerted any influence to depress the price of cattle, or increase the price of dressed beef; on the other hand, it is a well known fact that cattle are $1 higher than they would be if it was not for the dressed beef industry, and we can get a great deal more out of the bullock than the butcher or man who kills in small quantities.

We have never had any association with Swift, Hammond or Morris, directly or indirectly, in the purchase of cattle. The telegram that Mr. Vest read this afternoon for the sake of getting it on the record, was directed to our agent, whom we had a perfect right to tell he should not kill cattle if any of our dressed beef, and it is entirely stripped of its force when the fact is understood that the man was our own representative.

INDIANS IN IDAHO.

They Are Growing Favorable to a Cession of Lands.

The commission, consisting of General Ben Simpson, Hon. J. H. Shoup and Captain B. Humphrey, who went up some three weeks since to negotiate with the Coeur d'Alene Indians for the surrender of the mineral and timber lands and navigable waters on their reservation, is making very satisfactory progress with its business.

The Indians were at first inclined to receive the commission coolly, as the $150,000 promised them by the government when they surrended a part of their reservation before has not yet been paid, and there is, besides, money still due them for damages by the railroad running through their reservation.

Satisfactory assurances having been given the Indians that these moneys would be paid, and reasonable excuses given for the delay, the Indians expressed a willingness to treat with the commission, and as Gen. Simpson has expressed his intention of recommending that a fair and reasonable price be paid for their lands, the negotiations are proceeding favorably, and it is expected will be concluded in ten days, when the commission will return to Portland, Oregon, after which Gen. Simpson will proceed to Washington to lay the result before the department.

The commissioners were very much pleased with the examination of the lands, and are satisfied that it will form a very valuable addition to the Couer d'Alene district, and produce a considerable amount of wealth. They are furnished with a lot of samples of ore from the mines of the reservation, both from Wolf Lodge bay, at the north of the lake, and from the country between the Coeur d'Alene and St. Joe rivers.

John Grass's Friends Are Up in Arms—Charges of Treachery.

The excitement at Standing Rock agency is increasing every day, and old Sitting Bull stands in imminent danger of losing his life, as the Indians believe he was instrumental in causing the sickness of John Grass, the chief justice of the Sioux tribe.

Sitting Bull's old-time followers, numbering about twenty, are upholding him and stardily deny having had anything whatever to do with John Grass's ailment. There is but little chance of his recovery. John Grass's friends are becoming so threatening that Sitting Bull will have to be locked up in the guard house to shield him from bodily harm.

Talking to the Chippewas.

The members of the Chippewa commission, consisting of ex-United States Senator Rice, Dr. Whiting and Bishop Morley, of Dakota, arrived at the Lake Winnebagoshish reservation on Sept. 9. The act of Congress was explained to the Indians at this point, and the differences between them and the treaty made three years ago through the northwest commission pointed out.

An Ohio Man Meets Death at the Hands of Robbers.

The body of L. L. Clauson, a real estate broker, was found on September 4 on the bank of the Little river, at Wichita, Kas., and within ten paces of an electric motor line. It looks as though murder had been committed, as four bullet holes, two behind the right ear and two in the pit of the stomach have been found. The body lay face downward, with arms outstretched, and near one hand lay a revolver with five chambers empty.

Slauson came from Ohio 18 months ago and did considerable business. He was a man of excellent habits and was never known to carry a pistol. He was at his boarding house at noon, and spoke of drawing money to pay a $100 debt with. On his person was found only $2. The police are looking for men whom Slauson was seen in company with.

$5,000,000 Subscribed.

"The $5,000,000 guaranteed fund has been formally pledged, and if no one backs out, and we don't think any one will, the entire amount will be collected," said Secretary Graham of the Chicago World's Fair Press committee to a reporter. The names of those who had subscribed, he declined to give, as the executive committee deemed it best to wait until the majority of the subscriptions had been collected.

Valuable Silver Strike.

An exceptionally good strike has been made in the Eastern View mine at San Pedro, New Mexico, the ore assaying 89 ounces of silver and considerable gold. The strike was made 400 feet down and the ore appears to be inexhaustible. There is much excitement among miners in New Mexico.

SUNSET COX DYING.

The Famous Humorist and Democratic Politician Hopelessly Ill.

Congressman Samuel Sullivan Cox is dying at his home, 13 East Twelfth street, New York city. On Sept. 5 he was confined to his bed by an attack of what he supposed to be malarial fever. This rapidly developed into acute pneumonia, which has defied the best medical skill. On Sept. 8, his physicians gave up all hope, and announced that the days of the statesman-humorist could be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

Brief Sketch of the Life of the Dying Statesman—His Famous Sunset Editorial.

Samuel Sullivan Cox was born at Zanesville, O., September 30, 1824. He graduated at Brown University in 1846, and shortly afterward was admitted to the Ohio bar. Between this and 1855 he traveled in Europe and became editor of the *Daily Ohio Statesman*, published at Columbus, and in which appeared an editorial on "A Great Old Sunset," which was copied by almost every paper in the land, and from which he received the title of "Sunset."

In 1856 he was elected to Congress from Ohio, and was re-elected in 1858, 1860 and 1862.

In 1866 he removed to New York and was elected to Congress from that city in 1868, and re-elected in 1870. In 1872 he was defeated as a candidate-at-large for the state. During Cleveland's administration he was appointed minister to Turkey.

He obtained while in Congress a great reputation as a humorist, and is the author of several publications. Below is the article which gained for Mr. Cox his soubriquet of "Sunset":

A Great Old Sunset.

What a stormful sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm, and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever to have seen the like on our round globe.

The scene opened in the west, with a whole horizon full of golden, interpenetrating luster, which colored the foliage, and brightened every object into its own rich dyes. The colors grew deeper and richer until the golden luster was transfused into a storm cloud full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling zigzags all around and over the city. The wind rose with fury, the slender shrubs and great trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry beds and grass plots "turned up their whites" to see Zephyrus unchained. As rain came, and the pools formed, and the gutters hurried away, thunder roared grandly and the fire-bells caught the excitement and rung with hearty chorus.

The south and east received copious showers, and the west at once brightened up in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky.

Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt, in the form of a castellated city. It became snow white, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere. It reminds us of Wadsworth's splendid verse in his Excursion:

"The appearance instantaneously disclosed
Was of a mighty city, boldly lay
A wilderness of buildings, sinking far
And self withdrawn into a wodrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor without end."

But the city vanished, only to give place to another isle, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imagining a paradise in the distant and purified air. The sun, wearied of the day's connection, sank behind the green plains of the West. The "great eye in the heavens," however, went not down without a dark brown hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of the unearthly light had passed, and that rain had ceased, when the solemn church bells pealed, the laughter of children rang out, and joyous after the storm is heard the carol of birds; while the forked and purple vesper sky still darted illumination around the Starling College, trying to rival its angles and leap into its dark windows.

Candles are lighted. The piano strikes up. We feel it good to have a home, good to be on the earth where such revelations of beauty and power may be made. And as we cannot refrain from reminding our readers of everything wonderful in our city, we have left a dull old car feeble etching of a sunset which comes so rarely that its glory should be committed to immortal type.

DOWN IN TEXAS.

The Senate Committee on Irrigation Has Arrived in the South.

The Senate committee on irrigation arrived at El Paso, Tex., on September 7. They were met by a committee from the city council and were driven in carriages to the city hall, where short addresses were made, explaining the necessity of irrigation and touching upon the benefit to be derived by the Mills reservoir.

Col. Mills stated that the value of the land which would be submerged would amount to about $100,000,